6.

THE TRAGEDIE OF DARIVS.

By William Alexander
of Menstrie.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci.

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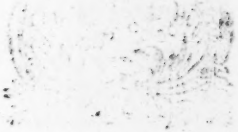

In praiſe of the Author, and *his Poeme.*

A SONNET.

GIue place all yee to dying Darius *wounds*
(VVhile this great Grecke him in his throne enſtalles)
That fell before ſeauen-ported Thebes *walles,*
Or vnder Ilions *olde ſky-threatning rounds.*
Your ſowre-ſweete ſighes not halfe ſo ſadlie ſounds,
Though, I confeſſe, moſt famous be your falles,
Slaine, ſacrifizd, tranſported, and made thralles;
Præcipate, burnt, banniſh'd from your bounds:
VVhome Sophocles, Euripides *haue ſong,*
Æſchylus end in ſtately Tragick tune:
Yet none of all hath ſo diuinely done,
As matchleſſe Menſtrie *in his natiue toung.*
So Darius *ghoſt ſeemes glad for to be ſo*
Triumpht on twiſe by Alexanders *two.*

Io. MVRRAY.

A Sonnet.

VVHen as the *Macedonian* conquerour came
To great *Achilles* Tomb, he ſigh'd, and ſaid;
Well may thy ghoſt, braue champion, be appay'd,
That *Homers* Muſe was trumpet of thy fame.
But if that Monarch great in deedes and name,
Now once againe with mortall vaile array'd,
Came to the Tomb where *Darius* hath beene lay'd,
This ſpeech more iuſtly ſighing might he frame:
My famous foe, whom I leſſe hate, then pitty,
Euen I, who vanquiſh'd thee, enuie thy glory,
In that ſuch one doth ſing thy ruines ſtory,
As matcheth *Homer* in his ſweeteſt ditty;
Yet ioy I that he *Alexander* hight,
And ſounds in thy ore-throw my matchles might.

W. Quin.

Eiuſdem in nomen Authoris
GVLIELMVS ALEXANDER,

Anagramma.

I, LARGVS MELLE EXVNDA.

Tetraſticon.

CVm tibi det Genius, Muſa, ingeniumque, Poëſis
Floribus é varijs Attica mella legas;
I, largus melle exunda, *mellitáque funde*
Carmina: ſic facias nomine fata iubent.

THE

THE ARGVMENT.

DARIVS, *the fourteenth from* Cyrus *King of* Perſia, *being after the death of* Ochus *for his ſingular valour from the gouernment of* Armenia *aduanc'd to the* Perſian *empyre, became ſo arrogant (Fortune, as it were, ſetting him forward to confuſion) as he ſent to demand tribute of* Phillip, *then King of* Macedonia: *who being of a hautie nature, and inferiour to none of that age in courage, or militarie diſcipline, requited this contumelius meſſage with as diſdainfull an anſwere; threatning that he would come and deliuer it in* Perſepolis. *But being preuented by death he left the execution of his deſigne to his ſonne* Alexander, *who for the great victories which thereafter he obtained was ſurnamed the great. He inheriting the hatred of his Father towards* Darius, *and far ſurmounting him in ambition, paſt in perſon to* Aſia *with an armie of thirtie thouſand only.*

After his arriuall, Darius *wrote to him in a proud and contemptible manner, aſcribing to himſelfe the title of the King of Kings, and kinſman of the Gods, and naming* Alexander *his ſeruant. Hee alſo in vaunting manner boaſted that he would haue that mad boy, the ſonne of* Philip *(for ſo in deriſion he tearmed him) bound, and beaten with rods, and after brought to his preſence apparelled like a Prince. For performance whereof he directed one of his Minions with fourtie thouſand, to make impediment to his paſſage at the riuer of* Granick; *where by the wonderfull valour of* A-

lexander *they were ouer-throwne.* Darius *being aduertiſed of this, came himſelfe in proper perſon, accompanied with infinite (but euill ordered) nombers, and encountred* Alexander *beſide* Iſſo, *in the ſtraites of* Cilicia: *where hauing fought a doubtfull and bloody battell, in ende by the inuincible valour, and neuer-fayling Fortune of* Alexander *his armie was defeated, himſelfe put to flight, and his mother, wife, and children made captiues. They were moſt courteouſlie entertained by* Alexander: *who notwithſtanding their exceeding great beautie yet would not abuſe them, or ſuffer them to be abuſed by others: nor viſited he them more oft then once (and that to comfort them) all the time of their impriſonment.*

Darius, *notwithſtanding of all his loſſes (his courage being in the full, whilſt his Fortune was in the waine) wrote very proudly to* Alexander, *taking ſtill the title of a King to himſelfe, but not giuing it him, offring him as much gold, as* Macedon *could containe, for ranſome of the Captiues. Which being very diſdainfully refuſed by* Alexander, *he hauing re-enforced his troupes, & comming forwarde to fight with greater force then before, was enformed how his wife had died in priſon, whoſe death he bewaild with exceeding great ſorrowe. And vnderſtanding what courteſie* Alexander *had vſed towards her, he ſent to ſue for peace, not for any feare of his force, but allured (as he alledged) by his courteſie. This ſute being likewiſe reiected, he fought beſide* Arbella *with no better Fortune then before. Yet for all theſe misfortunes being of an inuincible courage, and diſpayring of peace, he re-aſſembled all his forces, which were augmented by the comming of the* Bactrians, *& was comming forward with intention at laſt either to die, or preuaile. But*

in

The Argument.

In the meane time two traiterous ſubiects of his owne, to wit, Beſſus *whom he had promoted to be gouernour of* Bactria, *&* Nabarzanes *one in ſpeciall credite with him, conſpired his death. VVhich danger, though it was reuealed to him by* Patron, *Captaine of the Greekes, yet he could not, or rather would not eſchue. At length, thoſe two traitours tooke and bound him with golden chaines, and caſt him in an olde Chariot, with purpoſe to preſent him to* Alexander. *But they hearing how he would not accept their preſent, and how he was comming to inuade them, threw their darts at* Darius, *and left him for dead. In this eſtate he was found by* Poliſtratus, *and after the deliuery of ſome fewe words dyed.* Alexander *hauing exceedinglie lamented his miſerable and vndeſerued end, directed his bodie to his mother* Siſigambis *to be honourably buried.*

The perſons names that ſpeakes.

Darius.
Siſigambis, *his mother.*
Statira Re. *his wife.*
Statira Virg. *his daughter.*
Tiriotes, *their Eunuch.*
Nabarzanes } *two traitours.*
Beſſus. }
Alexander.
Parmenio, *his Lieutenant.*
Hepheſtion, *his Minion.*
Poliſtratus, *a ſouldier.*
Artabazus, *a noble man of Perſia.*
Patron, *Captaine of the mercenary Greekes.*
Nuntius.
Chorus, *all Perſians.*

The Scene ſuppoſed in Babilon.

THE TRAGEDY OF *DARIVS.*

Actus Primus

DARIVS.

WHat thundering power grow'n jealous of my ſtate
With ſuch hoſtilitie my troupes o're-throwes,
And arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,
Big with diſdaine, high indignation ſhowes.
Whil'ſt ſooth'd with ſelfe conceits aſham'd to doubt,
In greatneſſe ſhadowe I ſecurelie ſlept,
Lo, change-affecting Fortune wheeles about,
And ruines all that me from ruine kept.
Thus I, whoſe onlie name amaz'd my foes,
Whom th'earth ador'd, as Monarche, once ouer all,
Am ſo degraded now, and ſunke in woes,
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall.
Ah then indeed I fell, when gallants ſtood,
And *Phœnix*-like renew'd their life by death,
Who hauing ſeald their force and faith with blood,
Would rather die, then draw a borrowed breath.
Yet I, but then not I, view'd not aveng'd,
Thoſe monſtrous mountaines of my ſubjects ſlaine,
Although my conſcience hath my courage cleng'd,
And knowes what valour was employ'd in vaine.

Through greateſt dangers death I did purſue,
Till heapes of ſlaughtred bodies bar'd my way,
And chang'd my Chariot to a ſcarlet hue,
Ere wounded honour could be drawne away.
O how I enuy yet their happie Ghoſtes,
Who died whil'ſt hope of victorie remain'd,
And in the preſence of two famous hoſtes
Left bloodie recordes that they died vnſtain'd?
Shall I ſuruiue that ſoule-ouerwhelming ſhame,
To be th'eternall ſtaine of *Perſians* praiſe?
No rather let me die, and let my name,
Be quite exſtinguiſh'd with my hatefull dayes.
Starre-boſting *Babilon* bluſh to behold:
One cald thy King ſurmounted and abated:
How may thy Towrs but tremble, when it's told,
Thy Prince entreats, whome Princes earſt entreated?
Not vaſſal-like; I will not yeeld to this:
Were all my Empire to a period come,
Yet none ſhall vaunt that euer I was his:
Hartes holding courage are not all o're-come.
This tongue inur'd ſtill to command doth ſcorne
To breath baſe words, to ſcape a minutes paines.
Let them obey, who to obey were borne:
For *Darius* this indignitie diſdaines.
Since I was once iudg'd worthie to command,
Shall I returne to be a baſe entreater?
No, whil'ſt a ſword yeelds homage to this hand,
Ile not acknowledge in the world a greater.
Braue ſpirites, who now poſſeſſe the pleaſant bowers,
And glotious gardens of *th'Eliſian* plaine,
(For if deſerts may moue th'infernall powers,
That happie ſhade your ſhadowes muſt containe)
Thoſe fields where-as your praiſes are ſet forth
Do burie but your bodies, not your fame:

Men

Men ſhall adore the relickes of your worth,
And reare immortall Trophees to your name.
Ile ſacrifize as incenſe to your ſoules,
His dying ſighes, and ſorrowing parents teares,
Who now, while none his inſolence controules,
Our conquer'd enſignes in his triumphe beares.
For it may eaſe your Ghoſtes to heare his grones,
Whil'ſt th'earth ouer-burdend ſends rebounding back
A plaintife *Echo* from the woods and ſtones,
To ſound through all the aire his armies wrack.
Why ſpend I ſpeaches to diſturbe your reſt?
What idle diſputations do I hold?
A mightie furour hath enflam'd my breſt,
And burnes me, till I be aueng'd ſeuen-fold.
Did I that ſtrong *Caduſian* firſt affront,
Who durſt aduance himſelfe to braue our bandes,
Then turn'd applauded, and in high account,
Charg'd with his ſpoiles the honour of my hands?
And could I then all kinde of doubt remoouing,
Aduenter only to an Armies ſhame?
And ſhould I now that auncient praiſe diſprouing,
With ſquadrons compaſt looſe that glorious name?
Blinde fortune, O, thy ſtratagems are ſtrange:
Thou wrak'ſt my greatnes, wound'ſt mine honour to,
And hauing made my ſtate the ſtage of change,
Haſt acted all inconſtancie could do.
Lo I, who late of ſwarming troupes did boſt,
Am ſpoil'd of all in whome I then repos'd,
And thoſe impriſon'd, whome I fancie moſt,
Are to th'inſulting victours pride expos'd.
O torment but to thinke, death to beleeue,
That any may command my deereſt part,
And wretched I not able to releeue
The Iewell of mine eye, ioy of my hart.

Deere obiect of my thoughtes, my life, my loue,
Sweete ſource of my delights, my one, my all,
Bright Image of excellencies aboue,
What? do'ſt thou breath, and com'ſt not when I call?
And can I be, and not be where thou art?
Hath heauen the force me from thy face to barre?
Or are my hands growne traitors to my hart,
That they ſhould ſhrinke from doing what it dare?
O could my minde but diſtribute a ſpace
Theſe emulating thoughts that toſſe my breſt,
Among thoſe pointles Cyphers that ſpend place:
Then I alone might animate the reſt.
Since in this great diſgrace I chanc'd to fall,
Now nothing reſts to raſe my fame forlorne,
But to doe deſperatly, and hazard all.
Ile liue with praiſe, or by my death flie ſcorne.
Some proſperous iſſue afterward may purge
This crime, with which th'euent would burthen me,
This crime, that carries with it ſelfe a ſcourge:
No greater torment than the want of thee.
But what hope reſts to re-obtaine that treaſure,
Which auaritious tyrants once poſſeſſe?
Another now diſpoſes at his pleaſure
Of all my wealth: how can I looke for leſſe?
Now, not till now, I deeme my ſtate in danger,
When I imagine how my beſt belou'd
Muſt entertaine my enemy a ſtranger,
I being far from offering aide remou'd.
A hoſt of furies in my breſt I finde,
Which do my ſoule with dreadfull horrours fill,
And foſter in my melancholious minde
Strange apprehenſions that affright me ſtill.
And this ſurmiz'd diſgrace, grown throughly ſtrong,
Reades hourely in my eares a hatefull ſcroule

Of an imagin'd, yet recureles wrong,
Such poiſon'd thoughtes like ſerpents ſting my ſoule.
Blind loue beguiles me not, ſharpe-ſighted feares
Finde great apparances for to ſuſpect thee:
Would God I had no hart, nor eyes, nor eares,
To thinke, to ſee, or heare thou ſhouldſt neglect me.
This aggrauates the wight of my diſpaire,
When doubt obiects, t'annull loues faſt defence,
How he is young and feirce, ſhe young, and faire,
He bent t'offend, and ſhe expoſd t'offence,
From which I feare both cannot long abſtaine:
Her beauty is ſufficient to allure:
His brauery is ſufficient to obtaine.
Captaines will force, and captiues muſt endure,
O *Alexander*, tender my renowne,
Although thou trauell to vſurpe my throne.
I rage to haue ariuall in my Crowne:
But in my loue I can comport with none.
Lode her not with diſgrace, and me with griefe,
Leaſt ſo thou rob her honour, and my life:
Spare in this point t'ouercharge me with miſchiefe:
In all things els let armes decide our ſtrife.
But where doth fury thus tranſport my ſpirits,
With light beleefe my beſt halfe to miſtruſt?
Deere, pardon, I treſpaſſe to wrong thy merits,
Whom I haue ſtill found faithfull louing, iuſt.
Pure chaiſtitie doth then moſt firmelie ſtand,
When fortified it is with wedlockes band.
Yet let me doubt, or let me leaue to loue:
To feare the worſt it is affections part.
I'l not miſtruſt thy truth? yet it may proue,
Thy face betray thy faith, thy hap thy hart.
But on thy loue approou'd my hope relyes,
This doth diſſolue ſuſpitions power to nought.

I will repell reports, as ſlanderous lyes,
Which ſecond not thy vertue, and my thought.
Though vertues foe, and worth-enuying fortune,
Hath wrong'd my valour with an euill ſucceſſe,
Life of my life, yet muſt I thee importune,
Ioyne not with her to double my diſtreſſe. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

O More then miſerable minde,
That of all things it ſelfe worſt knowes,
And being through preſumption blinde
Is puffed vp with euery winde,
Which fortune in deriſion blowes.
Such one no ſtable bliſſe can finde,
Whoſe hart is guided by his eye,
And truſtes vnto betraying ſhowes,
Which ſeeme not as they be.
Oft ſhort proſperity,
Breedes long aduerſity:
For who abuſe the firſt, the laſt o're-throwes.
And dead ſecurity all care exiles:
Tis no ſmall danger to be happie whiles.

Who on himſelfe too much depends,
A makes an Idole of his witt,
For euery fauour fortune ſends,
Self-flatterer himſelfe commends,
And will no ſound aduiſe admit,
But at himſelfe beginnes, and ends,
And neuer takes a moments leaſure,

To try what fault he may commit,
But drunke with frothes of pleasure,
Thirstes for praise aboue measure,
Imaginary treasure,
Which slowly comms, and some away doth flit:
And what is most affected at this time,
Succeeding ages may account a crime.

A Potentate that is respected,
And by his subiects thought a God,
Thinkes, as his name on high erected
Hath what he list at home effected,
It may like wonders worke abroad.
O how his folly is detected!
For though he sit in Royall seate,
And as he list his vassalls lod;
Yet others that are great.
Liue not by his conceate,
Nor ponder what he threat,
But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod.
There are rare qualities required in Kings:
A naked name can neuer worke great things.

They who themselues too much esteeme,
And vainly vilipend their foe,
Oft finde not fortune, as they deeme,
And with their treasure would redeeme
Their errour past: Behold euen so
From blame who can our King exeeme,
Who his aduersary to scorne,
Thought he who in his name did goe
The laurell should haue worne,
His triumphe to adorne?
But he with shame hath shorne

The fruites of follie euer ripe with woe.
An enemie (if it be well aduis'd)
Though he seeme weake, should neuer be despis'd.

But what? the Minions of our Kings,
Who speake at large, and are beleeued,
Dare boast of many mightie things,
As they could flie, though wanting wings,
And deeds by wordes might be atcheeued,
But time at length their lies to light,
Their soueraigne to confusion brings.
Yet so they gaine, they are not greeu'd,
But charme their Princes sight,
And make what's wrong seeme right.
Thus ruine they his might,
That when he would, he cannot be releeued.
Moe kings in chambers fall by flatterers charmes,
Then in the field by th'aduersaries armes.

All that the successe hath approoued
By Charidemus was foreshowne:
Yet with his wordes no man was mooued:
For good men first must be remooued,
Before their worth can well be knowne.
The King would heare but what he loued,
And what him pleasd not did dispise.
So were the beeter sort o'er-threwne,
And Sycophants vnwise,
Who could the trueth disguise,
Were suffered for to rise,
That him, who rais'd them vp, they might cast downe.
Thus Princes will not heare, though such deceaue them,
Things as they are, but as themselues conceaue them.

ACTVS.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

ALEXANDER. PARMENIO.

BEholde, the heauens with a benigne aſpect,
To proſper this braue enterpriſe intend,
And with propitious ſtarres ſeeme to direct
This great beginning to a glorious end.
Who would be famous muſt of force aſpire:
All thoſe aſtoniſh'd, who my troupes do view,
Doubt of thoſe two which moſt they ſhould admire;
My comming, or my conquering with ſo few.
So mightie mindes t'atchieue great actions bent
Force Fortune oft to fauour them in all:
Where baſer breaſts deuining euill euent,
Through ſuperſtitious feares procure their fall.
O howe I wonder, when I call to minde
That monſtrous camp, which not ſo much as doubted!
Dimme ſeem'd the Sunne, while as their armour ſhind
Men had not heard the thunder, whil'ſt they ſhouted.
Th'auant-courours, that came for to examine,
When they ſo meane my nombers had perceau'd,
Did thinke them ſmall to ſatisfie the famine,
That their huge hoſte of ſlaughter had conceau'd.
And yet in end this prou'd a poyſon'd foode,
Which of their owne to their confuſion yeeldes
Mountaines of murthered corps, and ſeas of blood:
Vn buried bodies buried all the fieldes.
So now that fewe, whome they contemn'd ſo farre,
(See how mortalitie it ſelfe deceaues)
Haue farre ouer-match'd their multitudes in warre,

And made the world waſte to people the graues.
Then, deere *Parmenio*, ſince the fates afforde
So faire an entrie to our firſt deſignes,
Let vs goe proſecute with dint of ſworde
That fortune, which the heauens our hopes aſſignes.
Parm. This high attempt, as we would wiſh ſucceeds.
What hoſtes haue we ouerthrow'n? what citties raz'd?
Loe, populous *Aſia* trembles at our deedes,
And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd.
Proud *Greece*, whoſe ſpirits oft preaſt to skorne the skyes,
A proſtrate ſupplicant before thee falles:
Rebellious *Thebes*, that durſt thy power diſpyſe,
Lyes now entomb'd within her broken walles.
That ſea-impyring *Tyre*, repoſing much
In liquide Caſtels, and a wauing maine,
Hath ratified thy forces to be ſuch,
That nothing can reſiſt thy iuſt diſdaine.
No doubt the auncient *Gracians* ghoſts are glad
To ſee the fierce *Barbarians* brought ſo lowe;
Yet are for enuy of thy fortune ſad,
And though vn-bodied bluſh at this ouerthrowe.
Miltiades by all men was admir'd,
Who once in *Greece* their flying troupes purſued:
And he that with a ſtratageme retir'd,
And *Salaminaes* ſtraites with blood imbrued.
But yet for all the Captaines of that age
The Eaſterne Monarckes empire was enlarg'd,
Who comming to their countrie, warres to wage,
The ſea with ſhippes, the land with armies charg'd.
He with moe ſwarmes of mē, then th'Autumns clu-
Dry'd riuers vp, & march'd on *Neptunes* backe; (ſters,
By meaſure, not by number made his muſters,
And did attempt the mountaines plaine to make.
Then *Europe* fear'd for to be forc'd to bowe,

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt th'earth did groane to beare ſo great an hoſt:
But thou haſt come, ſeene, and ouercom'd them nowe
Euen in the boundes wherein their might was moſt.
That hautie foe, who vilipended oft
Our predeceſſours armies, and our owne,
Now laide as lowe, as he was once aloft,
With his diſgrace muſt make thy valour knowne.
He cannot but acknowledge his diſtreſſe
In labouring firſt to haue his friends reſtor'd:
This meſſage (potent Prince) imports no leſſe:
By his requeſt thy conqueſt is decor'd.
For the recouerie of his captiu'd Queene
He offi ed hath innumerable golde;
And would preſent a treaſure to be ſeene
More, as they ſay, then *Macedon* may holde.
My counſell is that you accept thoſe offers,
And render her, as th'auncient cuſtome bindes;
Who would make warre muſt not haue empty coffers:
For hope of gaine moues mercenarie mindes.
And further, if thoſe Princeſſes doe tarrie,
It ſumptuous is to entertaine their ſtate.
Wemen, and babes are cumberſome to carrie;
Th'one young in yeares, and th'other in conceat.
Alex. If I were come to traffick in this land,
And like a greedie merchant to embrace
Before all hope of glorie gaine in hand,
This your inuil'd opinion might haue place.
But ſoone I ſurfet of ſuch melting things,
And famiſh but for fame, and crownes of Kings.
Parm So, were I *Alexander*, would I do.
Alex. If I *Parmenio* were, ſo would I to.
Par. Their ranſome would defray your ſouldiers fee.
Alex. I'le rather without ranſome ſet them free.
Parm. The good is loſte that's done vnto a foe.

Alex. The greater glorie to o'recomme him ſo.
Parm. Golde is the God that conquers in all parts.
Alex. True magnanimitie doth rauiſh harts.
Parm. Riche treaſures ſerue for th'arters of the war.
Alex. No, but couragious harts that all things darre.
Parm. The want of wages makes a mutinous band.
Alex. But who dare diſobey, when I command?
Par. Why ſhould you, Sir, cõtemne ſo rich a treaſure?
Alex. A noble ſpirit with praiſe no gain doth meaſure.
Parm. But who delites in ſuch an airie ſtore?
Alex. If I be ſingular, I aske no more.
Parm. Although that you conceaue no ſuch ſuſpitiõ,
Yet I heare how your ſouldiers oft exclame,
They ſacrifize their bloods for your ambition,
And periſh to perpetuate your name.
And yet, without regarde what they indure,
You compaſſe all the empire of the Eaſt,
And more within your minde: this may procure
Some ſuddaine tumult, when you feare it leaſt.
Retire in time, while as the heauens are cleare:
You haue perform'd, perform'd, and that right ſone,
More thẽ your own could hope, your foes could feare,
Or then the world can credite, when 'tis done.
Your worth in warre is wonderfullie ſhowne,
And to the terrour of all *Aſia* tryde:
Now let your skill in peace be likewiſe knowne,
And for the maint'nance of your ſtate prouide.
Good gouernment the fame of Kings doth raiſe
No leſſe then conqueſt made of Realmes and townes!
'Tis harder farre, and doth deſerue more praiſe
To guide, then get: to keepe, then conquere crownes.
Your glorie in her hieſt ſpheare is plac'd,
And may not moue except it be more lowe:
And if it once diſcend to be diſgrac'd,

Each

Each artizan your ſtatues will o're-throwe,
For in the warre, as you may well perceiue,
No little part dependeth vpon fame:
If we but once the leaſt affront receiue,
The world will gather to exſtripe our name.
Then tempt not Fortune further then you neede,
Let reaſon bridle this aſpyring thought:
Leaſt, whil'ſt your hopes with trophees faind you feed,
A moment turne your trauels all to nought.
Let *Darius* be a liuelie patrone now
Of th'euer-changing courſe of ſtates and crownes:
That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow,
His deſolation onely now renounes.
He ſcarſelie lo at length become content
To call you King, though twiſe put in diſ-order:
In dowrie with his daughter doth preſent
The famous *Euphrates*, to be your border.
Or otherwiſe he condiſcends to giue
Great ſtore of Gold, or what your ſelfe deſires,
If that his mother, wife, and children liue,
To haue them rend'red, as he oft requires.
And let not vaine ambition blind your eies:
Remember what ſtrange nations will imbrace him,
Whom ſcarce he knowes by name, or neuer ſees,
Where if he fled, your troups would tire to chace him.
Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou makeſt me
With theſe thy words vn-worthy of our eares: (rage,
It ſeemes the coldeneſſe of decaying age,
Hath kil'd thy courage with a froſt of feares.
Did I abandone thee my natiue ſoile,
And ſhaddow'd with my Enſignes vnknow'n coaſtes;
That after infinite diſtreſſe and toile,
Whil'ſt in contempt of vs our foe yet boaſtes,
I ſhould retire, effecting nought at laſt,

But sharpned a desire, t'augment my merites,
Then die in discontentment, when 'tis past
The time, that should haue pacified my spirites?
No, I will raigne, and I will raigne alone:
From this desseigne my fancie neuer wanders,
For as the heau'ns can hold no Sunne but one:
The earth cannot containe two *Alexanders*.
The ample circuite of this spacious round
Seemes insufficient to confine my thought:
And ô would God there could moe worlds be found,
That many might t'adorne our deedes be brought.
O, I could wish that th'Ocean were firme land,
Where none but hideous Giants had retreat,
Such as at *Phlegra* fielde in strieſe did stand
Against the Gods for the Etheriall seate.
These could encourage martiall mindes to strike,
Who being wonne would yeeld eternall praise:
I conquere men; but many did the like:
And after-ages may my equall raise.
But since none such my triumphes are to grace,
Such as there are I'le to subiection bring:
And heere I sweare no kinde of ease t'embrace,
Till all the world adore me for their King.
If you or any else that liue in dreede
With-drawe your selues, your Princes part despysing;
Remember alwaies in his greatest neede
Ye flie to stop his honour in the rysing.
Passe home, and liue like men in prison pent:
I measure not my courage by my numbers.
Parm. Your Maiestie misconsters my intent:
You know what I haue thold, what cares, what cum-
And all for you: I to your eies appeale, (bers,
Which well can witnes what my hands haue wrought.

All that I ſpake, proceeded of a zeale
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought.
Nor matche I vile repoſe with honeſt paines:
My courage is not yet become ſo colde:
That wounted vigour hath not left my vaines,
Which ſpurd my ſpirit in youth, though I be olde.
Alex. 'Tis not ynough that you your ſelfe be ſo:
To be the ſame you ſhould the reſt exhort.
Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go
And viewe the Captiues, what doth he report?
Parm. As we were ſince by ſome of them inſtructed,
While they as yet not of ſupport diſpair'd,
And to a tent were courteouſly conducted;
Which we of purpoſe caus'd to be prepar'd;
Euen in the way one fortun'd to eſpy
The Diademe that *Darius* earſt had borne,
Which on the earth ſo abiectly did lie,
As each thing his calamitie would ſcorne.
Then they imagin'd, from his royall head,
Whoſe dignity it ſome-time did decore,
None could it caſt, except himſelfe were dead:
And if ſo were, they long'd to liue no more.
When they had entred in the tent to weepe,
Leonatus came and at the entrie knocked:
They ſtood ſo ſtill, he thought an yornie ſleepe
Had lock'd their eies, or elſe that he was mocked.
At length by force he made a patent way,
And was aduanc'd them louingly to greet;
When loe, theſe dolorous Ladies proſtrate lay,
And with a flood of teares bedew'd his feete.
Then ſobbing ſaide, we not refuſe to die:
Let vs entombe firſt *Darius* like a King:
Then when that we his latter honour ſee,

Death cannot but a great contentment bring.
This ſo they vrg'd, as he could ſcarce perſwade
That *Darius* was not dead as they ſuppoſ'd,
But liu'd, in hope through dangers Seas to wade
And in the pow'r of other Realmes repoſ'd.
And further he proteſted on your part,
That they might looke for clemencie and grace.
Thus after that I had aſſwag'd their ſmart,
It ſeem'd they longd to ſee my Soueraignes face.
Alex. Of my good-will they may themſelues aſſure:
I neuer war'd with ſuch as were ſubiected:
And if my preſence may their eaſe procure,
Straight to their tent my ſteppes ſhall be directed.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

OF all the paſsions that poſſeſſe the ſoule,
None ſo diſturbes vaine mortals mindes
As this Ambition, that ſo blindes
The ſenſe of man, that nothing can controule
Nor curb their thoughts who will aſpyre.
This raging vehement deſire
Of ſoueraignty no ſatisfaction findes,
But in the breaſtes of men doth euer roule
The reſtleſſe ſtone of Siſiph to torment them.
And as his hart, who ſteal'd the heu'nly fire,
The vulture gnawes, ſo doth Ambition rent them:
Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of Ixion *to embrace the cloudes,*

Con-

Contemne the ſtate wherein they ſtand,
And would all but themſelues command,
As one deſire is quench'd, another buds:
When they haue trauel'd all their time,
Heapt blood on blood, and crime on crime,
There is a hier power that guides their hand.
More happie he whome a poore cottage ſhroudes
Againſt the tempeſt of the threatning heauen,
He ſtands in feare of none, none enuy him:
His hart is vpright, and his wayes are eauen,
Where others ſtates are ſtill twixt ſixe and ſeauen.

That damned wretch vp with Ambition blow'n,
While-as he turnes the wheele about,
Whiles caſt within, whiles caſt without,
In ſtriuing for the top is ſtill throwne downe.
Thoſe that delight in climbing hie
Oft with a precepice doe die:
So doe the ſtarres ſky-climbling worldlings flout.
But this diſeaſe is fatall to a croune:
Kings, who haue moſt, ſtriue moſt t'augment their bounds;
And if they be not all, they can not be:
Which to their domage commonly redounds.
Too great a ſtate her proper waight confounds.

Th'ambitious toyling to enlarge their ſtate
Themſelues exceedingly deceaue,
In hazarding the hap they haue
For a felicitie that they conceate.
Though their dominions they incres,
Yet their deſires growe neuer les:
For though they conquer Climats, more they craue.
This is the miſerie of being great.
Such eye-beguyling pompe is all but fume;

Such glorious ſhowes diſguiſe the minds diſtres;
And who to conquere all the earth preſume,
A little earth ſhall them at laſt conſume.

And if it fortune that they die in peace
(A wonder wondrous rarelie ſeene)
Who conquere firſt; their empire cleene
Is ruin'd by ſome perſons of their race:
Who comming to the crowne with reſt,
And hauing all in peace poſſeſt,
Do ſtraight forget what bloody broils haue bene
Before their Fathers could attaine that place.
As th'Ocean flowes, and ebbes, ſtates riſe and fall:
And Princes, when their actions proſper beſt,
For feare their greatnes ſhould oppreſſe the ſmal,
Are of ſome hated, and envy'd of all.

We knowe what end the mightie Cyrus *made,*
Whome, while he ſtriu'd to conquere ſtill,
A woman did moſt vildlie kill,
And in a bloodie veſſell rold his head;
Then ſaid, Content thy ſelfe with blood:
Thou ſtill didſt famiſh for ſuch food:
Now quench thy thirſt of blood with blood at will.
Some of his ſucceſſors, ſince he was dead
Haue raign'd a ſpace with pompe, and yet with paine.
Now all their glorie cannot doe vs good.
What they ſo long haue laboured to obtaine,
All in an inſtant muſt be loſt againe.

Loe, Darius *once ſo magnified by fame,*
By one whome he contemn'd o'recome,
For all his brauerie now made dombe,
With downe-caſt eyes muſt ſignifie his ſhame.

Who puſt vp with pernitious pride
Thinke ſtill t' haue fortune on their ſide,
They cannot ſcape to be a pray to ſome.
They ſpend their proſperous dayes as in a dreame,
And as it were in fortunes boſome ſleeping,
They in this dull ſecuritie abide,
And of their doubtfull ſtate neglect the keeping,
Whilſt gaiſtlie ruine comes vpon them creeping.

Thus the viciſsitude of worldly things
Doth to our eyes it ſelfe detect,
VVhen heauenly powers exalt, deiect,
Confirme, confound, erect and ruine Kings.
So Alexander *mightie now,*
To whome the vanquiſh'd world doth bow.
VVith all ſubmiſsion, homage, and reſpect
Doth flie a borrow'd flight with Fortunes wings:
Nor enters he his dangerous courſe to ponder,
Yet, if that Fortune bend her cloudie browe:
All thoſe, who at his ſuddaine ſucceſſe wonder,
May gaze as much to ſee himſelfe brought vnder.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scen. I.

SISIGAMBIS Regina, STATIRA Virgo.

O Diſmall day deteſted by the light,
And would to God (but God neglects our cace)
The world were wrapt in a Cymerian night,
That no proud eye might gaze on our diſgrace.

Why did the heauens reſerue my feeble age,
To goe to graue with infamie and griefe?
Could nothing but my ſhame their wrath aſſwage
Thus offred vpon th'altar of miſchief?
Ah, haue I ſpent my youth in pompe and pleaſure,
And had my ſpring-time grac'd with pleaſant flowres,
That th'Autumne, which ſhould reape the Sõmers trea-
Might be diſaſtred with ſuch ſtormy ſhowres? (ſure,
And did ſmooth calmes, and ſun-ſhines of delight
Make all my voyage through the world a ſport;
That toſſed with a tempeſt of deſpight
I now might periſh entring at my port?
Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone
Th'accurſed obiect of heauens plaguing-armes,
I ſhould not thinke I had iuſt cauſe to mone,
When I but waild mine owne, not others harmes.
Ay me, on thoſe, whom more then life I loue
The ſtate-diſturbing blaſtes of Fortune fall:
Yet each of them ſome ſeuerall ſorrowes moue,
But wretch I ſuffer ſhip-wracke in them all.
I ſuffered, when I ſawe *Oxatres* ſlaine,
My louing ſonne, and moſt entirelie lou'd:
I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine,
What fates would doe, yet ſtill their hatred prou'd.
Ah, doe the deſtinies extend my breath
For further euill? O extreame crueltie,
To vſe ſo many inſtruments of death,
Againſt one burthend with calamitie.
Yet *Ioue*, if this may diſ-en-flame thine ire,
Let all thy lightning light vpon mine head:
To be conſum'd with a celeſtiall fire
Some comfort were, ſince that I muſt be dead.
Stat. Reg. Leaue mother theſe immoderate laments
To me the very ſource, and ſeate of ſorrowe,

Whoſe

Whoſe dayes are burthen'd with ſo ſad euents,
That hell it ſelfe may of my torments borrow.
Loe, the deere Lord and treaſure of my thought,
Whoſe preſence I my Paradice eſteem'd,
To ſuch a headlong præcipice is brought,
That with the world his glorie dead is deem'd.
Ah, on what prop can I repoſe my truſt,
When firſt the greatneſſe of his ſtate I ponder;
Next how his Diademe drencht in the duſt
Was Fortunes Trophee, and all *Aſias* wonder?
He whoſe imperious ſpeach the world reſpected,
And as an oracle had in regarde,
Now vanquiſh't and contemptiblie neglected
Can ſcarcely as a ſupplicant be heard.
And yet I know this more his minde afflicts,
Then doth the ruine of his rigall ſtate,
That him my ſight another interdicts,
Who am the ſoueraigne of his ſoules conceat.
Shall he, pure quinteſſence of my beſt part,
Then onely teſtifie the loue he beares?
No, by mine eyes I will diſtill my hart,
And for his ſake diſſolue my ſelfe in teares.
Would God my breaſt like Criſtall were tranſparent,
That all the world might ſee my ſinceare minde,
And that my loyall thoughts were all apparent,
Whoſe great affection cannot be confinde.
They haue impriſon'd onely my poore eies,
And baniſh'd them from th'obiect of their ioy:
My firie hart with winged fancies flies
And where thou goeſt doth ſtill my ſteps conuoy.
Thy Queene is ſuch, as whilſt thou draw'ſt this aire,
In counting captiues men may ſtill accept her:
For whilſt thou liuſt, how can thy ſpouſe diſpaire,
Whom thou prefer'ſt euen to thy ſoule and ſcepter?

Yet flatter I my ſelfe that am accurſt:
The apprehenſion, which with griefe I cheriſh,
Of thy miſhap may ſerue to make me burſt.
Ah, ah I faint, I feele my ſpirits periſh.
Sif. Help, help allace, allace, the Empreſſe falles.
Sta. Virg. O dolefull day of darknes; world of woes.
Sif. This greeuous ſpectacle my ſpirite appalles:
Heauen, earth, and all are now become our foes.
Sta. Virg. I may more iuſtly mone then any other,
Whoſe eares haue heard the hard hap of my father;
Whoſe eies behold the anguiſh of my mother,
Whom both do loade with all the woes of either.
Stat. Reg. What inhumaine humanity is this,
With ſuch a cruell pittie to oppreſſe;
To bring pale ghoſtes backe from the fields of blis,
Yet to be plung'd in th'Ocean of diſtreſſe?
O vnkinde kindeneſſe that by ſauing ſlayes,
And would with loueleſſe loue my loue controule.
Ah, of this odious Sunne th'unhappie rayes
Doe cleere mine eyes but to confound my ſoule.
Siſi. Deare daughter, ſtriue your paſſions to reſtraine,
Leaſt that the torrent of your greefe grow ſuch,
That it both carie you to'agroundleſſe maine,
And him o'rewhelme for whom ye mourne ſo much.
No doubt but he, if we reſt captiues thus,
Diſdaining theſe indignities of ours,
T'auenge himſelfe in re-obtaining vs
Will hazard all his Orientall pow'rs.
But ah, what comfort can a wretch afforde,
Whoſe care-worne breaſt the worſt of wo containes?
Yet though my hart would faine impugne my worde,
I hope-leſſe ſpeake of hope, t'appeaſe her paines.
Stat. Reg. Such conſolations now came not in ſeaſon,
Since we muſt hold our greefe the greateſt good:

Diſ.

Diſſemble not your ſorrow, we haue reaſon
Yea to ſigh out our ſprites and weepe our blood.
Siſ. I waile my ſonne. *Stat.Reg.* And I my husbandes (fall.
Sta.Virg. I waile my father, and in him vs all.
Siſ. No woe like mine, mine cannot be releeu'd.
I waile his woe, who ſhould my woe aſſwage,
Who liues by me, by whom I ſhould haue liu'd,
Sport of my youth, and piller of mine age.
Stat.Reg. No wo like mine, who faithful to my pheere
For loue of him all others had forſaken.
But what a pheere? my ſelfe, or one more deere:
Yet from my ſelfe my ſelfe by force am taken. (childe
Stat.Virg. No wo like mine, who borne a Monarkes
Thought that my birth good hap ſhould heape vpon
Yet all my expectations are beguil'd, (me:
And what I hop'd in moſt hath moſt vndone me.
Siſ. I mourne for him who in my womb was form'd.
St.Reg. I mourne for him in whō loue me transform'd.
Stat.Virg. I mourne for him by whom I formed was.
Siſ. Shall I not ſee my ſelfe in that cleere glaſſe?
St.Reg. Ah! ſhall I neuer in his ioy reioyce?
St.Virg. Ah! ſhall I neuer here his cheerefull voice?
Siſ. Would God frō death my death might him exeeme.
St.Reg. would God my life my liues life might redeeme.
St.Vir. Would God the life he gaue him life might giue.
Siſ. Muſt theſe gray haires my ſons green youth ſuruiue?
Sta.Reg. I will preuent him and not liue to languiſhe.
Sta.Virg. Can I remaine behinde to liue in anguiſhe?
Siſ. But whiles our wretched ſtate we iuſtly mone,
We may lament this infant too a ſpace,
Who in miſhap inferiour were to none,
If he could apprehend his tragick cace.
Sta.Reg. O then how can my hart but burſt a-ſunder,
Whom nature moues moſt to bemone his harmes?

I thinke I ſee the hoſtes of heau'n all thunder
On me, my ſpouſe, and this babe in my armes.
Deere image of my ſelfe, in whom I liue,
Thy ſhape ſhames not the greatneſſe of thy Syre,
But of thy birth cleere euidence doth giue:
Thy ſoure-ſweete ſight addes coales to my deſire.
Thou that ſhouldſt comfort moſt, torme̅t'ſt thou me?
Huge hoſtes of paſſions now my ſoule aſſembles.
O how I grieue! and yet am glad to ſee
Thee, though not him, whom thy ſweet face reſembles,
Goe, beare this babe from hence: a wound too deep
Makes in my breaſt compaſſion of his part:
Yet let him ſtay; I ioy to heare him weepe:
This motherly affection melts my hart.
Of many woes this laſt is not the leaſt,
That vn-begun thy glorie muſt be ended;
Thy fortunes Sunne, my Sonne, ſet in the Eaſt,
While thy faire-ryſing all the world attended.
Ah! muſt this innocent taſte of miſhap,
Whoſe tender age cannot diſcerne his ſtate,
And be thus plagu'd, yea in his nurſes lap
Inherite woe by birth? Ah cruell fate.
If thou could'ſt hope, what great hopes haſt thou loſt
That art defrauded of ſo faire a throne?
Ah in thy cradle muſt I ſee thee croſt,
Whom I deſign'd ſo great when we were gone?
Yet happy hapleſſe childe, thou canſt not know
From whence the fountaine of our ſorrow flowes,
Nor what it is for to be hie, or low,
Nor on what thorne the roſe of honour growes.
Yet haſt thou felt the pricke before the ſmell.
Is this the benefit thy birth-right brings
Heere in conſtrain'd captiuitie to dwell?
Then better not be borne, then come of Kings.

O what a noiſe is that that doth affright me?
I trow to interrupt theſe teares of mine,
Leaſt that ſuch ſad lamentings ſhould delight me,
They will not let me plaine, yet make me pine.
Or is it ſome that doth condole our cace,
And commes with pittie moou'd to ſee vs pyn'd,
And to beholde how we can death imbrace,
Death ſoueraigne ſalue of a diſeaſed minde?
Sis. By many ſignes we may our ſelues aſſure,
'Tis *Alexander*, whom we long'd not for.
Stat. Reg. What? ah I die! and muſt my eye indure
Th'vpbraiding obiect which I moſt abhorre?
Sis. Suppreſſe ſuch ſpeaches now, leaſt all go wrong.
We are enuiron'd with outrageous hoſtes:
And weakneſſe muſt giue place vnto the ſtrong:
For Victours rage, when as the vanquiſh'd boſtes.
I will entreat him to, not for my ſelfe
(Mine olde-age is become to death a debter)
But that you may eſchew this wrackfull ſhelfe,
Whoſe flowre not faded yet deſerueth better.
Stat. Reg. No, if you needs will ſue, ſue for my graue:
I will not be indebted to him liuing:
I rather death ſhould once the maiſtrie haue,
Then I ſhould die ſo oft with death ſtill ſtriuing.

ACTVS TERTIVS. Scen. II.

ALEXANDER, SISIGAMBIS, STATIRA Regina, HEPHESTION.

Alex. RIſe mother, riſe, remoue thoſe cauſles feares:
I come t'appeaſe, not to procure your woe:

The honour which I owe thoſe aged heares
Permits me not to ſee you proſtrate ſo.
Sif. Moſt gracious Prince, forgiue me if I er'd,
In taking him for you, that ſtandeth by.
Alex. I finde no fault to ſee my friend prefer'd
Euen to my ſelfe: this is another I.
Sif. My ſorrowes ſo confounded haue my minde,
That ſcarce I know my ſelfe, much leſſe another:
My ſoule in ſuch an agonie I finde,
As if ſome mightie mountaine did me ſmoother.
Alex. I pray you, mother, ſet thoſe plaints apart:
They vexe me more then ſterne *Bellonaes* broiles.
Sif. This tender name of mother wounds my hart,
Pronounc'd by him who of that name me ſpoiles.
I was (woe that I was) a mother late
Of two faire ſonnes, faire ſonnes lights of my life:
Now th'one is dead, and in a worſe eſtate,
Doth th'other liue involu'd in woe and ſtrife,
Like th'auncient trunke of ſome diſ-branched tree,
Which *Eols* rage hath to confuſion brought,
Diſ-arm'd of all thoſe impes that ſprung from me,
Vn-profitable ſtock I ſerue for nought.
Stat. Reg. I ſerue for nought, ſince him I cannot ſerue,
Whoſe ſight may onlie my dead ioyes reuiue.
I with the famine of all comfort ſteruc,
Since I want him for whom I wiſh'd to liue.
I liue without my halfe, without my whole,
Prodigious monſter, whome the world admires:
I want the point, the Pilote, and the Pole,
That drew, addreſt, and gouern'd my deſires,
Now toſs'd with ſtormes in th'Ocean of diſpaire
By ruine onely I attend releeſe,
Threatned aboue with pitchie cloudes of care,
Threatned belowe with ſwelling gulfes of greeſe.

My

My ſoule ſeemes to preſage diſaſtrous chances,
And varying with her ſelfe hath neuer peace:
My hart oppreſt falles into deadly trances:
My eyes muſt grace the ground of my diſgrace.
Hell hath aſſembled all her horrours heere:
Ah, in the concaue of this curſed breaſt,
As in the darke Tartarian groues, appeere
A thouſand ſhaddowes to bereaue my reſt.
Alex. Faire Princeſſe, ſpare thoſe paſſionate cõplaints
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes:
This voice, which with your woe the world acquaints,
Doth moue me more, then all the *Perſians* armes.
Madame, take courage, be affraide of none:
You may expect what helpe I can afforde:
I ſweare by *Ioues* inviolable throne,
And doe proteſt by my imperiall worde,
That neither I, nor any wight ſhall wrong you.
Yea more then this, I lay my faith in paund,
You ſhall be honoured heere as doth belong you:
And, as it were, in your owne Court command.
Sta. Reg. Ah how can I command, whilſt I am thralle?
What can I haue who wanting one want all?
Alex. Though it ſeeme glorious in ſome victors ſight
T'abuſe their captiues, and triumph in ill:
The larger growe the limites of my might,
The more I ſtriue for to reſtraine my will,
The ſauegarde of my fauour ſhall extend
Not only t'wards you, but t'wards all your traine.
I ſhall haue care that who on me attend
From offering wrong to you, or yours refraine.
If any preaſe t'impugne what I appoint,
Or would in ambuſh for your honour lie,
Or diſcontent you but in any point,
As *Alexander* liues, that wretch ſhall die.

Sta.Reg. O what a hoſte of euils, where ere I goe,
Are ſtill encroaching on my down-caſt ſtate?
And muſt I be beholden to my foe,
Who doth deuide me from my royall mate?
Should he helpe me who would extermine him?
Curſt be my hart, if it betray him thus.
Eternall ſhaddowes mot theſe eies firſt dim,
Ere ſuch a ſight be gratefull vnto vs.
I holde not of my ſelfe; Lord, I am thine:
Thy loue was ſow'ne not in a barren field,
But in a fertile ground: this hart of mine
To thee, my deere, no ſmall increaſe doth yeeld.
Yet this good fortune doth miſ-fortune bring;
My conſtancie ſhall now be clearlie knowne:
Another might haue lou'd a happie King:
But I will loue thee though thou be ore-throwne.
Alex. Faine would I ſtriue to cõfort in ſome meaſure
This mourning Queene, and mitigate her paine;
Whoſe woe doth make my victorie no pleaſure,
But hath enſowr'd the ſweetneſſe of my gaine.
Siſ. Moſt mightie King, thou do'ſt deſerue indeed
That, as for *Darius*, we ſhould pray for thee,
Who doeſt ſo farre in clemencie exceed,
That thou bewailſt our loſſe no leſſe then he.
Thou haſt not onely by thy worth ſurmounted
All other Kings in dignitie alone,
And benefits of Fortune moſt accounted,
But in all vertues worthie of a throne.
Thou do'ſt vouchſafe on me (more then I craue)
The title of a Queene, and mother ſtill:
But I confeſſe my ſelfe thy humble ſlaue,
Whoſe life hath now no limits but thy will.
I haue all that imagin'd good forgote,
Which greatneſſe gaue: I'le looke no more ſo ſadlie:

But

But will alow of this my preſent lot,
And beare the burthen of my bondage gladly.
If that this wretched woman heere were free,
Who hath no heauen except her husbands face,
I could content my ſelfe (great Prince) to be
The meaneſt hand-maide that attends your grace.
Alex. You may command me, as I were your Sonne,
Whoſe duteous loue ſhall prooue no leſſe intire.
Siſ. Heauens recompence the court'ſy thou haſt done
Which all ſucceeding ages ſhall admire.
Alex. Thoſe captiu'd Princeſſes haue pierc'd my ſoule,
Who eu'n amid'ſt our heauen haue found a hell.
Hep. What ſtoick brow his paſſions could controule,
As not to weepe, if he re-marked well
The teares of theſe faire Ladies cauſing wonder,
Who neede not challenge nature of her duty;
But borne to bring, although they be brought vnder,
Giue greeſe a grace for to apparrell beauty.
Sir, ſuch a victorie hath not beene ſeene
As you haue gain'd, whoſe greatneſſe well appeares;
The largeſt kingdome, and the faireſt Queene,
That *Aſia* vaunted of theſe many yeares.
Durſt *Ledaes* or *Agenors* brood compare
With that ſweete Queene, the honour of her kinde?
But as ſhe is aboue all other faire,
As farre her daughters make her go behinde.
It ſeem'd at firſt that ſorrow had beene ſleeping
While as theſe Virgines in their Grand-dames boſome
With weeping beautie, and with beauties weeping
Did with a haile of pearle blaſt beauties bloſſome.
So large a pow'r is to no Prince allotted,
As to loues Empire in their face confynd.
Alex. O how is my *Hepheſtion* thus aſſotted?
Dare follie ſeeke t'aſſault ſo braue a minde?

Dare *Cupid* enter in an armed campe,
And *Mars* owne minions thus presume to danton?
Must his soft seale steele-wearing stomacks stampe,
And make them tributaries to that wanton?
Hep. We dare resist (whil'st many a thousand dies)
Against th'inuasion of a world of men:
Yet if in yonder orbes two Sunnie eies
Assault the soule at vnawares, O then
Some secret sympathie, some vn-knowne motion
So charmes the minde, that vaine are all defenses.
The hart drunke with the eies contagious potion
Corrupts the spirits and poysons all the senses.
Alex. But I in my conceat doe skorne all such:
No, I resolue to be a thrall to none:
Yea, ere I but abate my selfe so much,
I'le rather die ten thousand deathes in one.
Should I be bound with vile affections chaines,
As one obliuious of my former fame?
This resolution still my soule retaines,
To ballance nothing with a noble name.
O what a great indignity is this
To see a Conquerour to his lust a slaue?
Who would the title of true worth were his
A minde surmounting euery vice must haue.
The braueſt trophee euer man obtain'd
Is that, which ou'r himselfe himselfe hath gain'd.
Hep. I ioy, my soueraigne, that as you excell
Not onely men, but *Mars* himselfe in armes:
So you by vertues might the power repell
Of beautie, loue, and *Cithereas* charmes.
Your vertue bright, whose rayes shine in your words
And thence to my harts center are reflected;
Now ouer my selfe such pow'r to me affords,
That with fond loue I loth to be infected. *Exeunt.*

A C.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scen. III.

BESSVS, NARBAZANES.

Bes. NOw since, *Narbazanes*, we are come hither,
Let vs accomplish what we haue intended:
And ioyne our wit, our force, and all together,
That it may be no sooner knowne then ended.
You see occasion call vs, whil'st we sleepe,
And point vs out the way to be aduanc'd;
Yea blames our sluggishnesse that cannot keepe
The course of things which for our weale haue chanc'd
The heauens abhorre our King, & striue t'vndo him:
Nothing doth prosper that he enterprises:
Some new disaster daylie falles vnto him:
Some crosse o'er-thwarts all things that he deuises.
In no strict limites should our thoughts be bounded
Whom so great happines seemes to importune:
For since our King is like to be confounded,
Vpon his fall we both may builde our fortune.
Na. I shall not faile for to performe my part:
I of your words exceedingly allow:
Honour, and wealth are the idols of my hart,
Which if I may obtaine, I care not how.
And yet I would we had some faire pretence.
Our countries care must seeme our soules to comber:
This seeming zeale must shaddow our offence:
For such a show will satisfie a number.
Let vs be well aduis'd, ere we resolue:

And then endeuour t'execute it ſoone.
If we our ſelues once in this worke involue,
And then not finiſhe it, we are vndone.
Beſ. He hath ſent one to *Alexander* late
To ſpeake of peace, but did the ſame in vaine:
And now involu'd in a deſpair'd eſtate,
Bar'd from accorde, he cannot warre ſuſtaine.
His purpoſe is his Captaines to conuene,
To aske of them ſome counſell for his ſaftie:
A time more fit for vs could not haue beene.
Who minde to compaſſe Kings muſt needs be crafty.
For to atchieue that which we thinke to doe,
A courſe more fit we by no meanes could finde,
Then crooked ſeeming-vpright counſell to
Diſguiſe our practiſes, and maske our minde.
We will aduiſe him to renounce a ſpace
His ſtate to ſome one, whom he may deſire
But for the faſhion to accept his place,
And as himſelfe a certaine time impyre.
Whoſe better fortune may perchance bring back
That which his euer ebbing beares away:
Then he againe his Diademe ſhall take,
And as before the regall ſcepter ſway.
Na. Well then amongſt our ſelues, t'auoid, debate
Which vndermines ſo many a mighty action.
I will preferre you to the imperiall ſeate.
And to approoue the ſame will frame my faction.
Beſ. All that is one, which of vs two receiue it,
Since euery thing doth equallie belong vs:
I'le take it for the forme, not that I craue it,
For we will part his Empire all among vs.
But if he condiſcend to this we craue,
Which at the firſt vnfolding would ſeeme good:
Let him not thinke vs two ſuch fooles to leaue

That which ſo many Monarkes buy with blood.
Who once aduanc'd would willingly goe downe,
And not loue in authoritie to ſtand?
'Tis not the cuſtome ſo to quite a Crowne,
When one hath know'n how ſweet it's to command.
This name of faith but to get credite fain'd,
If it were ballanc'd with a kingdome, ſtraight
In them whoſe conſciences are moſt reſtrain'd
T'would ſoone ſuccumbe, a ſcepter hath ſuch waight.
Na. Yet to betray our King we haue no reaſon:
When I muſe on th'attempt it makes me ſorrie:
Our name ſtain'd with this odious ſtile of treaſon
Shall leaue our ſucceſſours more ſhame, then glorie.
We firſt muſt end all our deſignes with paine,
Then raigne with feare, and liue ſecurelie neuer;
As in a dreame a ſpace with pompe remaine,
Then die diſgrac'd, in infamie for euer.
The ſacred title of a Soueraigne King
Doth ſtrike a terrour in my troubled thought,
And maieſtie, t'amaze my minde, doth bring,
Whoſe aſpect only hath great wonders wrought.
Beſ. To idle ſounds, and frivolous reports
Giue thou a paſporte, for they laſt not long:
And all that thou alledgeſt nought imports.
A Crowne may couer any kinde of wrong.
What hainous thing ſo odious is by nature,
That for a Kingdome hath not beene committed:
To be a King let me be cal'd a traitour;
Faith, if for ought, for this may be omitted.
Thoſe are but feeble braines, which fancies lode
With timorous dreames, that bare ſurmiſing brings.
Who feare vaine ſhaddowes muſt not come abrode.
Too warie-wits dare neuer worke great things.
If our braue proiect happilie ſucceede,

(As now I doubt not but it ſhall do ſoone)
We ſtraight will finde enough t'applaud our deede,
And ſooth vs vp in all that we haue done.
Na. To haue the time and manner then præfixt,
Command the *Bactrians* all themſelues to arme,
And to attend till we aduertiſe next,
Prompt for all perils at the firſt alarme.
Then through the Campe a rumour we will ſpread,
That hopeleſſe *Darius* hath diſpairdlie gone
With violence to dwell amongſt the dead,
And ſeeme therefore exceſſiuelie to mone.
The *Perſians* we with promiſes muſt feede,
So to diſarme him of his natiue pow'rs:
Then we will apprehend himſelfe with ſpeede:
For while that he is free nothing is ours.
That we may ſeeme to vſe him with reſpect,
(As to the ſtate of ſuch a Prince pertaines:)
We will not this laſt ornament neglect;
He ſhall be bound, but bound with golden chaines.
To *Alexander* after we will ſend,
And offer *Darius* in his hands t'appeaſe him;
Then craue his fauour, that he will defend
Vs as his friends, who haue done all to pleaſe him;
If his good-will we cannot thus procure,
And he vs with extremitie purſue;
With *Darius* death we will our ſtates aſſure,
Then raiſe freſh forces, and the warres renue.
Beſ. Let vs henceforth for nothing be diſmaide,
But ſtriue our ſelues courageouſlie to beare:
This dangerous action would not be delai'd,
Leaſt time worke his aſſurance, and our feare.

Exeunt.

CHO.

CHORVS.

TYme, through Ioues iudgement iuſt,
Huge alterations brings:
Thoſe are but fooles that truſt
In tranſitory things,
Whoſe tailes beare mortall ſtings,
Which in the end will wound.
And let none thinke it ſtrange,
Though all things earthly change
In this inferiour rounde.
What is from ruine free?
The elements which be
At variance (as we ſee)
Eache other doe confound:
The earth and aire make warre:
The fire and water are
Still wreſtling at debate:
All thoſe through colde and heate,
Through drouth, and moiſture iar:
No wonder though men change and fade,
Who of thoſe changing elements are made.

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt
Of fortunes goods not laſting,
Euils that our wittes enchaunt,
Expoſ'd to loſſe and waſting.
Loe we to death are haſting,
Whilſt we theſe things diſcuſſe.
All things from their beginning,

Vnto an end are running:
Heauen hath ordain'd it thus.
We heare how heauen doth thunder;
We see th'earth burst a sunder;
And yet we neuer ponder,
VVhat this imports to vs.
Those fearfull signes doe proue,
That th'angrie pow'rs aboue
Are mou'd to indignation
Against this wretched nation,
VVhich they no longer loue:
What are we but a puffe of breath,
Who liue assur'd of nothing but of death?

VVho was so happie yet,
As neuer had some crosse:
Though on a Throne he sit,
And is not vs'd with losse,
Yet fortune once will tosse
Him, when that least he would.
If one had all at ones
Hydaspes *pretious stones,*
And yellow Tagus *golde,*
All th'Orient all treasure,
And euery earthly pleasure,
Euen in the greatest measure,
It should not make him bold.
For while he liues secure,
His state is most vnsure.
VVhen it doth least appeere,
Some heauie plague drawes neere,
Destruction to procure.
We may compare th'earths glory to a flowre,
That flourisheth and fadeth in an houre.

In what we moſt repoſe
We finde our comfort light:
The thing we ſooneſt loſe
That's precious in our ſight.
For honour, riches, might
Our liues im-paund we lay:
Yet all like flying ſhadowes,
Or flowers enambling medowes,
Euaniſh and decay.
Long time we toile to finde
Thoſe idols of the minde,
Which got we cannot binde
T'abide with vs one day.
Then why ſhould we preſume
On treaſures that conſume,
Difficile to obtaine,
Difficile to retaine,
A dreame, a breath, a fume;
Which vexe them moſt who them poſſeſſe,
Who ſtarue with ſtore, and famiſh with exceſſe.

ACTVS QVARTVS. Scen. I.

DARIVS, TIRIOTES.

Tir. AH, muſt I poyſon now my Princes eares
with the worſt newes that euer burthē'd fame?
Had I as many tongues, as I haue teares,
All would not ſerue my ſorrowes to proclame.
Dar. Great ſignes of greefe I in thy face diſceme:

Spare not for to report this heauie croſſe
To one, I feare, whome it doth moſt concerne.
Iſt death, diſgrace, diſtruction, treaſon, loſſe?
Tell on the ſumme of horrour at the firſt:
With no ambiguous words my paine prolong:
'Tis comfort to a wretch to know the worſt:
And I haue learn'd to be vnhappy long.
What leaſt I ſpeake, and yet ſuſpect too much,
Iſt ſome ludibrious meſſage of my skorne,
Which muſt wound me? but ah no torment ſuch,
As this to them who that diſgrace haue borne.
Tir. She was not wrong'd, as you haue miſconceiu'd.
The Gods haue had a care for to preſerue her:
Such fauour of the victour ſhe receiu'd,
As of her ſubiects that were bound to ſerue her.
But what a vollie doth my voice prepare
Of woes to charge your eares, woes full of dread?
Would God ere I the ſomme thereof declare,
That I might die in ſaying ſhe is dead.
Curſt caitiue, was it not enough, allas,
That I beheld her die, and would haue died,
But that I muſt arm'd with ſad tydings pas
To wound all them that heare what I haue ſpied?
See how he fares ſhot with theſe words of mine,
As one become the pray of greefe, and death.
Dar. Yet doth the Sunneon my affliction ſhine,
And ſees the aire infected with my breath.
And can I liue, and looke them in the face,
That haue my ignominious o're-throw ſeene?
And how I vanquiſh'd, vanquiſh'd with diſgrace
Engag'd at once my kingdome, and my Queene?
Heauen bruſe me all to powder with thy thunder,
That I no more may in the world remaine
The obiect of thy wrath, and Fortunes wonder;

Spoil'd

Spoil'd of all hope; yet kept for greater paine.
Ah! art thou dead, and doe I liue behinde thee?
Thy faultie husband thinkſt thou ſo to flie?
If it be thus, then I know where to finde thee.
This onely greeues me that too late I die.
O *Alexander*, what ſuch hainous ill
Haue I done thee, that thou requit'ſt me thus?
Whom of thy friendes, or kindred did I kill?
This crueltie comes vndeſeru'd of vs.
Think that thou hadſt iuſt cauſes to make warre:
Yet vpon women ſhould thy wrath be wroken?
This Tirrannie ſhall all thy Triumphe marre,
And euer ſhall to thy reproach be ſpoken.
Tir. Sir, without cauſe you guiltie him eſteeme.
I know her death did grieuouſlie diſpleaſe him:
A wondrous thing (which few, or none would deeme)
He tooke it ſo, that nothing could appeaſe him.
Euen as my Soueraigne now, ſo then he ſmarted;
And when he came to eaſe your mothers griefe,
As if that his owne mother had departed;
He ſeem'd to need, not for to giue reliefe.
Dar. If any ſparkes of that reſpect remaine,
Which ſhould with reaſon mooue thy minde to ruth,
I pray the *Tiriotes* now be plaine,
Or els ſtrange torments ſhall exact the truth:
I loth to let this queſtion ſcape my mouth,
Which both I bluſh to craue, and long to know,
Iſt poſſible ſo inſolent a youth
Did neuer temp: the treaſure which I owe?
Could this imperious Prince in flowre of age
Haue ſuch a peereleſſe beautie in his power,
And yet not ſeeke to quench his ardent rage
With the deſtruction of her honours flowre?
Spare not to tell vpon what deadly ſhelfe

My ioy is periſh'd quite, and I defac'd,
The feare of euill is worſe then th'euill it ſelfe:
I'ts to die twiſe, to die, and die diſgrac'd.
Ti. Let not thoſe loue-bred feares abuſe your thought:
By all the world no fable I contriue.
If I ſpeake partiallie, or lie in ought,
Earth open vp, and ſwallow me aliue.
He whom your Grace ſo wrongfully ſuſpects,
No, not in thought, hath once your Queene abuſ'd,
But as his ſiſter ſtill in all reſpects,
As chaſtlie, and as honourablie vſ'd.
When fortune firſt our warlike troupes had ſcattered,
And with great ſlaughter put them all to flight;
We, whom ſhe late ſo louingly had flattered,
Were made the patternes of that changlings might.
For hauing found a Crowne troad on the ground.
Dar. O laſting ſhame that cannot be recur'd.
Tir. We ſtraight imagin'd that ſome cruell wound
Had kild my Lord, and wail'd it as aſſur'd.
Dar. Would God I then had died, as I deſir'd,
So t'haue preuented thoſe enſuing harmes;
Before my honour and my hap expir'd,
With Crowne on head, & with my Queene in armes.
Tir. But *Alexander* hauing heard our cries
Sent one t'enquire th'occaſion of our woe;
Who finding whence our errour did ariſe,
Gaue full aſſurance that it was not ſo.
Then he himſelfe vnto our tent reſorted,
And with moſt courteous ſpeaches full of loue
Your mother, wife, and children oft exhorted
Such vaine ſurmized terrours to remoue.
With proteſtation that they ſhould expect
No harme of him their courage to appale:
Each thing he did accordinglie direct,

That

That no man might endomage them at all.
Thus hauing them against all dangers arm'd
(I thinke for feare, for who would not haue fear'd
Least such an Angels graces had him charm'd)
He neuer more before her face appear'd.
Or was it vertue that would flie the sting
Of trustlesse pleasures that abuse the sense?
So continent a victour, and a king
Was neuer seene. He fled what caus'd offence.
He doth his fame aboue all things prefer,
And will not be where it may blemish finde,
Nor giue his eyes commoditie to erre,
Nor suffer impure thoughts to staine his minde.
He stai'd till that faire face had lost all vigour,
And with the coulours of pale death was painted.
Dar. Iniurious heauen that with such hellish rigour
The purest worke that nature made hath tainted.
Tir. When he beheld death triumph in that face,
Which late had triumph'd ou'r a Monarcks hart,
He mon'd no lesse her miserable cace,
Then you that loste in her your better part.
And when some dayes his dolour had ou'r-come,
Her funerals solemnelie to decore
He vs'd such honour, as might well become
The *Persian* pompe in prosperous times before.
Dar. O supreame pow'r that of Empires dispossest,
And ratifiest thy will with fearfull thunder,
Who, as thou pleasest, placest, and de-posest
Vncertaine worldlings whiles aboue, whiles vnder,
I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
If that th'inhabitants of heauen can heare
The plaints of those who this lowe point possesse,
Or that th'immortall can giue mortals eare,
Vouchsafe this my last sute for to fulfill:

Eſtabliſh firſt this ſcepter in my hand:
But if through my deſerving, or thy will
The race of *Cyrus* muſt no more command;
And if thy heauenly breaſt ſuch hate contracts,
That I muſt needs my Diadem forgoe:
Let him ſucceed who prooues in all his acts
So iuſt a Victour, and ſo milde a foe.

ACTVS QVARTVS. Scen. II.

DARIVS, ARTABAZVS, NARBAZENES PATRON, BESSVS.

Dar. IF Fortune had ioynd me with daſtard mindes,
Who to a noble death baſe life prefer'd,
I ſhould not harrengue heere vnto the windes,
But be content to haue my fate defer'd.
O, I repent I proou'd your worth too much,
Who ſtill haue follow'd me in all eſtates.
I rather ſhould, then doubt that you are ſuch,
Preaſe to proue worthy of ſo worthie mates.
Yee onlie reſt of all that I conducted,
Of whoſe great force and faith, which many ſing,
I by two fights, and flights haue beene inſtructed:
Yet hauing you I thinke my ſelfe a King.
He hath plac'd traitours in my townes moſt ample,
Not that he honours them (he hates their humour)
But to ſeduce you to by their example,
Then banniſh all for euery little rumour.
Yee haue not to my Fortune had regarde,
But freelie-follow'd my euill fortun'd warres:

Which,

Which, though that I might not, *Ioue* would rewarde,
And all the world extoll you to the ſtarres.
How long ſhall I a vagabond remaine,
And flie a ſtranger who my right would reaue?
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine
All that we loſt, or looſe all that we haue.
Like thoſe vile traitours, whom I will arraigne
To holde me vp, ſhall I goe caſt me downe?
Muſt *Darius* onlie by entreatie raigne?
No, none hath pow'r to take, or giue my Crowne.
I ſhall not my authoritie ſur-viue,
Nor will I proffer a ſubmiſſiue breath:
My hand ſhall holde a ſcepter while I liue:
My head ſhall beare a Diadem till death.
If thoſe franke thoughts that doe poſſeſſe my ſoule,
Such flames of vertue kindled haue in you;
A *Macedonian* neuer ſhall controule
Our noble actes, nor laugh to ſee vs bow.
My ſtate may teſtifie fraile Fortunes change:
May ſhe not him o're-whelme, as well as me?
At leaſt our hands beare death, if not revenge:
For who can ſtop a ſtout hart for to die?
Thinke of your aunceſtors, I you exhort,
Who made the *Grecians* tributaries euer;
And of whoſe wondrous actes men do report
Great things, the fame whereof ſhall periſh neuer.
Shall future ages in your praiſe be dombe,
Whil'ſt they your Fathers memorie adore?
I am reſolu'd, my Triumphe, or my Tombe
A Laurell, or a Cipreſſe ſhall decore.

Art. What vaine amazement doth diſturbe our ſpi-
Let vs conſult no further but goe to. (rits?
He, who the *Perſians* wonted worth inherites,
Will not reſt long aduiſing what to doe?

Come let vs with our beſt attire and armes
Accompanie our King to this laſt ſtrife:
Through bloody ſquadrons, and through hote alarmes
By ſlaughter onlie we muſt looke for life.
And when our hoſt, as I hope ſhall preuaile,
Our countrie ſhall haue peace, we praiſe of right:
And if our Fortune, not our courage, faile,
We die with honour in our Soueraignes ſight.
Let vs, if vanquiſh'd, be aſham'd to be.
A glorious death may greater honour giue.
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to die.
It's needfull that we fight, not that we liue,
Na. My words will firſt your Maieſtie diſpleaſe:
Yet dutie makes me ſpeake where ſilence ſpilles:
The fine Phiſician cures a ſharpe diſeaſe
With ſome ſowre potion that corruption killes.
The skilfull Pilote when he feares a ſtorme,
To ſaue the ſhip will caſt out precious things:
Yet I perſwade you not in any forme
To further, but to ſtay what ruine brings.
We warre againſt the Gods, we cannot ſpeede:
To all our actions Fortune is oppoſ'd.
We muſt of force ſome other way proceede:
So haue the heau'ns of our affaires diſpoſ'd.
Deare Sir, giue ou'r the gouernment and ſtile
To ſome more happie man, not in effect:
But cloth him with your ſhaddow for a while,
Till he your Realmes halfe ruin'd re-erect.
When he hath clam'd this tempeſt now ſo hote,
And ſetled *Aſia* with a good ſucceſſe:
He will your kingdomes loſt with what he gote
Reſtore: appearance promiſes no leſſe.
All *Bactria* yet abides at your command:
The *Indians*, loe, would die to doe you good:

Yea

Yea many thouſand thouſands armed ſtand,
Bent for your pleaſure to beſtow their blood.
What? ſhould we ruſh like beaſtes to needleſſe ſtrife?
Be well prepar'd, and then purſue that ſtranger:
Braue mindes ſhould death deſpiſe not lothing life.
Baſe cowards craue to die for feare of danger.
But vertue, to haue no ſupport ou'rpaſt,
Will firſt on all meanes poſſible be thinking:
And when that all is proou'd, death is the laſt,
To which it is ynough to goe not ſhrinking.
Now for the time let *Bactria* be our ſeat,
To *Beſſus* for the forme your Crowne reſigne:
Who, when he once hath re-aduanc'd you ſtate,
Shall quite all ſoueraignтie at the firſt ſigne.
Dar. Wretch, trauelleſt thou thy ſoueraigne to betray?
Such treaſon dareſt thou to our eares impart?
Such treaſon vnder truſt? Stay traitour, ſtay:
Ile ſheath my ſworde euen in thy traiterous hart.
Art. Sir, you muſt ſtriue to haue this paſſion broken.
Conſider what they are, what is the time:
It may be they through ignorance haue ſpoken:
In thought, and not in word, conſiſts a crime.
Since to affront your enimie you goe,
You muſt not ſtirre for euery little obiect:
But tollerate your owne, t'offend your foe.
For now i'ts time time to loue not loſe a ſubiect.
I ſhall get triall vpon what pretence
This ou'r-ſight in aduiſe hath beene committed.
If through ſimplicitie, not for offence,
He muſt be pardon'd and his ſpeech remitted.
Dar. I wiſh that it were ſo. I take no pleaſure
To ruine them that would my fortune cheriſh.
Na. Your grace wil grant me mercie in ſome meaſure.
Firſt heare, and if I faile then let me periſh.

I call the Gods to witneſſe of my cace,
Who can decipher euery ſecret thought:
If I intended treaſon toward your Grace,
Straight where I ſtand let me be turn'd to nought.
I counſel'd but according to my skill:
It was my vpright minde that made me bolde.
I rue my wit not anſwer'd to my will:
Yet zeale what it conceiues muſt needes vnfolde.
We ſhould beware to ſpeake in great affaires,
Where words are damn'd, or ballanc'd by th'euent.
For if things faile, the fault is ſtill thought theirs
Who gaue th'aduiſe, though of a good intent.
I fall before your feete heere for refuge:
Then let me not be without cauſe reiected:
At leaſt, examine firſt before you iudge:
Ile rather die abſolu'd, then liue ſuſpected.
Dar. Your fond opinion firſt was to be feared,
Which ſeem'd indeede ſiniſtriouſlie inclind:
For at the firſt your ſpeech to me appear'd
Th'envenom'd birth of ſome malitious minde.
But ſince you purge you ſo, Ile not araigne you,
Nor further call your loyalty in doubt:
But in the ſame degree of grace retaine you,
That you were in before theſe wordes brake out.
I thinke that *Patron* lookes with ſpeaking eies,
As if his minde were mightily perplexed:
Come, *Patron*, tell what in thy boſome lies,
Wherewith thou ſeemeſt ſo wonderfullie vexed.
Pa. Sir, I would ſpeake in priuie, If I could,
That which th'affection of my ſoule affordes:
It muſt be ſeal'd with ſilence, and I would
That none were preſent to report my words.
Of fifty thouſand *Greekes* foure only reſt,
Companions in all perils with your hoſt:

A like

Alike with you delighted and diſtreſt:
As faithfull now as when you floriſh'd moſt.
Where you remaine we muſt remaine with you:
All kinde of fortunes haue vs ioyn'd together.
Appoint our tents for your Pauilion now;
And we will guard you, if that you come thither.
We haue abandon'd *Greece*, our natiue ſoile:
We haue no *Bactria* to be our retreat:
Our hope is all in you: thoſe that would ſpoile
Vs of your perſon ruine all our ſtate.
Would God that all your armie did their due:
To vſe moe words th'occaſion is not fit.
I ſhould not vrge you, if your owne were true,
Your cuſtodie to ſtrangers to commit.
Dar. What ſuddaine accident doth this diſmay you
That you ſuch inconveniences foreeaſt?
Pa. Sir, *Beſſus* and *Narbazanes* betray you:
This day to you, or them will be the laſt.
They faine repentance onlie to diſſemble,
Till euery thing be for the fact prepar'd.
Their friends in haſt doe all their force aſſemble,
And once ere night minde to inuade your guarde.
Dar. I credite you: but yet I cannot wrong
My ſubiects ſo, to thinke of them the worſt:
Shall I leaue them who follow'd me ſo long?
By doing ſo to make my ſelfe accurſt.
I will awaite on what the heau'ns will offer,
For who can ſtand when fates his fall conſpire?
Among mine owne I willingly will ſuffer.
I liue too long if they my death deſire.
Beſ. Take heede, Sir, to this ſubtile-witted Greeke:
The *Grecian* faith to all the world is knowne.
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth ſeeke
To win his grace who hath your ſtate o're-throwne.

And

And maruell not though mercenarie men,
Who ſell themſelues, ſell all: beleeue them neuer.
They haue no God but gold, nor houſe: how then
Can they be conſtant that are changing euer?
Although that he pre-occupie you thus,
And others who themſelues abuſe your Grace:
Faith ſhall be found inuiolate in vs,
When our accuſer dare not ſhow his face.
Dar. Who hope to haue of *Alexander* gaine,
Or honour to be falſe, they haue no reaſon:
No man on earth doth traitours more diſdaine,
Nor more ſeuearly will b'aueng'd on treaſon.
Beſ. Well, Sir, you ſhall ſee ſhortlie what we are:
I will goe ſee your Enſignes all diſplaied.
Dar. It's better now ſince things are gone ſo farre,
Then ſeeme for to miſtruſt, to be betraide.
Loe *Artabazus*, I haue acted heere
My part of greatneſſe, and my glaſſe is run.
Now *Patrons* ſpeech doth euident appeare.
I ſee my end, yet can it no way ſhun.
Art. The *Bactrians* only medled haue with this.
Go to the *Græcians* campe, when that is done.
And when your danger once diuulged is,
The *Perſians* all will follow after ſoone.
Dar. And what if I were gone to patrons Tent,
And guarded with the *Greekes* as you deſire:
He hath but thouſands foure that are well bent;
They thirty thouſand that my fall conſpire.
And doing this I ſhould their deede excuſe,
In giuing them a motion who haue might.
They may indeede my lenitie abuſe:
But by my deede they ſhall pretend no right.
Art. O deplorable Prince, who can but weepe
To ſee thee now reduc'd to this eſtate?

Dar.

Dar. Retire you all, and ſeeke your ſelues to keepe:
I heere attend the iſſue of my fate.
I knowe yee wonder all how I can ſtand,
Downe from the top of all contentment throwne,
And not die deſperately by mine owne hand.
Ile die through others guilt, not through mine owne.
None of you all haue falſified your troath,
But with me loyall ſtill to th'end yee abide.
Now I you all disburthen of your oath:
Leaue me alone, and for your ſelues prouide.

Exeunt.

DARIVS.

O Wretched Monarchie, vaine mortals choice,
The glorious ſtep to a diſgrace-full fall:
Our pow'r depends vpon the peoples voice,
And to ſeeme ſoueraigne needs we muſt ſerue all.
Yet blowne, like blathers, with ambitions winde,
On enuied ſcepters weaklie we relie:
And calling not our fraile eſtate to minde,
Not onlie earth, but heauens themſelues defie.
This helliſh hag our reſtleſſe minde doth toſſe,
While carried with a popular applauſe,
T'enlarge our limites with our neighbours loſſe,
We of our owne confuſions are the cauſe.
And when th'eccliplſe comes of our glories light,
Then what auailes th'adoring of our name:
A meere illuſion made to mock the ſight,
Whoſe beſt was but the ſhaddow of a dreame?
Let greatneſſe of her glaſcie ſcepters vaunt;
Not ſceptours, no, but reeds, ſoone bruſ'd ſoone broke:

And let this worldlie pompe our wits inchant.
All fades, and ſcarcelie leaues behinde a token.
Thoſe golden Pallaces, thoſe gorgeous halles,
With fourniture ſuperfluouſlie faire:
Thoſe ſtatelie Courts, thoſe sky-encountring walles
Evaniſh all like vapours in the aire.
O what affliction iealous greatneſſe beares,
That ſtill muſt trauell to hold others downe:
Whil'ſt all our guardes not guard vs from our feares?
So greevous is the burthen of a Crowne.
Where are they all who at my feete did bowe,
While I was made the idole of ſo many?
What ioy had I not then? what haue I nowe?
Then honoured of all, now ſcarce of any.
Our painted pleaſures but apparrell paine:
We ſpend our dayes in dread, our liues in dangers,
Balles to the ſtarres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne,
Knowne vnto all, yet to our ſelues but ſtrangers.
A golden Crowne doth couer leaden cares:
The Scepter cannot lulle their thoughts a-ſleepe,
Whoſe breaſts are fraught with infinite diſpaires,
Of which the vulgar wits ſounds not the deepe.
The Bramble growes, although it be obſcure;
While mightie Cedars feele the bluſtering windes:
And milde Plebeian ſpirits may liue ſecure,
While mightie tempeſts toſſe imperiall mindes. (ces,
What are our daies, but dreames, our raignes but trā-
Whil'ſt brain-ſick reaving with our Fortunes feuer.
We ſtill are vext with changes and miſchances,
Till death vs both from life and ſcepter ſeuer?
The vanitie of greatneſſe I haue moou'd,
And beene the wonder of each gazing eye:
Now that deceauing ſhaddow is remoou'd;
And I my wretched ſtate too late eſpie.

Now

Now bound with chaines, (which though they be of gold,
Diminish not my thraldome ought the more)
When this prepostrous honour I beholde,
It but vpbraides me what I was before.
And what was I before (though to each eye
The forme of my affliction was not knowne)
But fettred in effect, while I seem'd free,
And in a labyrinth of labours throwne?
Was I not bound to serue then all mens humour,
Or to be censur'd with some Critick storie:
Still clog'd with cares, aflought for euery rumour.
O glorious bondage, burthen-able glorie.
That dignitie which deified me late,
And made the world doe homage to my name,
Now cannot succour my accursed state,
But hath with my mis-fortune fethered fame.
My best was but a momentarie blis,
Which leaues behinde this euerlasting sting,
That of all woe no woe is like to this,
To thinke I was, and am not now a King.
No man with me in all accomplish'd ioyes,
That satisfie the soule, could once compare:
No man may matche me now in sad annoyes,
And all the miseries that breede dispaire.
Thrise Fortune did my gallant troupes entrap,
And I to fall did desperately stand;
Yet could not be so happie in mishap,
As for t'haue died by some renowmed hand.
But for my greater griefe, disgrace, and scorne,
(The mindes of men so apt are to deceaue)
They whome aloft my favours wings haue borne,
Ev'n they made me their maister thus a slaue.
Ah, did not death in prison from me reaue
The sacred soueraigne of my soules desires,

I wretch not being preſent to receaue
The laſt cold kiſſe that might aſſwage my fires?
Yet ô thriſe happie thou, that haſt not liu'd
To beare a burthen of this great diſgrace.
More then a thouſand deaths this had thee grieu'd,
To know I died, and died in ſuch a cace.
Ah, doe the pledges of our mutuall loue
(The onlie comfort that the fates haue left me)
Reſt priſon'd yet? And may I not remooue
My mother thence? then is all bliſſe bereft me.
My paines are more then with my pleaſures ev'n,
Since firſt I in authoritie did enter.
Was I exalted once vp to the heau'n,
To be caſt head-long downe to miſchiefes center?
My ample Empire, and my Princelie birth,
My great magnificence, and vaine exceſſe,
All cannot yeelde my minde one minutes mirth,
To eaſe me now in this extreame diſtreſſe.
Loe heere, reduc'd vnto the worſt of illes,
Paſt helpe, paſt hope, and only great in griefe,
I wait vpon two abiect vaſſals willes,
And dare not, no, not thinke vpon reliefe.
Death would I ſcorne (my courſe muſt once haue rũ)
If I had firſt repair'd mine honours breach,
Whoſe wounds ſo thrill my ſoule, as vnbegun
The life I wiſh that does my fame impeach.
This mortall vaile I willinglie reſigne,
Since to an ende my dayes the deſtinies bring:
Nor will I ſo from Maieſtie decline,
As to doe ought vn-worthie of a King.

Exit.

CHO-

CHORVS.

Some new diſaſter daylie doth forſhowe
Our comming ruine: We haue ſeene our beſt.
Now fortune bent vs vtterly t'ore-throw,
Throwes down our King from her wheels top ſo low,
As by no meanes his ſtate can be redreſt.
And ſince his foes by armes haue him oppreſt,
His friendes, and ſeruants leaue him all alone.
Few haue compaßion of his ſtate diſtreſt:
Yea, falſe to him themſelues doe many ſhow.
So foes and fained friendes conſpire in one;
Fraile Fortune, and the fates with them agree.
With axes all runne on this falling tree.

This Prince in proſperous ſtate hath floriſh'd long,
And neuer dream'd of any euill ſucceſſe,
But was well follow'd while his ſtate was ſtrong:
Him flattering Syrens with a charming ſong
Striu'd to exalt: while as he did poſſeſſe
This earthly droſſe, that with a vaine exceße
He might reward their mercenary loue.
But now when fortune driues him to diſtreſſe,
His fauorites whom he remain'd among,
With foes and fortune ſtraight their faith remoue.
And who for gaine to follow him were wont,
They after gaine by his deſtruction hunt.

O more then happie ten times were that King,
Who were vnhappie but a little ſpace,
So that it did no vtter ruine bring,

But made him proue (a profitable thing)
Who of his traine, did best deserue his grace;
Then could, and would of those the best imbrace,
And flie such vultures as deuour him liuing;
That these whom he found faithfull might haue place.
O how this doth a generous stomacke sting,
To see some grac'd for craft and lies contriuing:
This is the griefe that bursts an honest hart;
Lords fauour commes by chance, not by desart.

Those Minions to whom Princes do extend,
Aboue their worth, immoderate good-will,
To the disgrace of good men, shew in end
They onely in prosperity depend
Not vpon them, but on their Fortune still.
Which if it change, they change. thē though they fil,
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with coine
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,
Those whom they rais'd, will not with them descend,
But with th'ascending Sunne wil straight way ioyne.
And doe forget all that they gaue before,
For that of them they can expect no more.

The truth hereof in end now hath th'euent
In Bessus, *and* Narbazanes *approoued:*
On whom their Prince so prodigallie spent
Affection, honour, titles, treasure, rent,
And all that might each honest mind haue moued
So bountifull a Prince for to haue loued,
Who so beningly tendred their estate.
Yet they to him vyle traitours now haue proued:
By them he is in chain'd, disgrac'd, and shent;
So as he well may rue, although too late,
That he such slie Camelions changing hew

Preſer'd to ſeruants dutifull and trew.

But though a while thoſe traitours ſpeede,
No doubt the heau'ns once vengeance will exact:
The very horrour of this haynous deede
Doth make the harts of honeſt men to bleede:
Yea, euen the wicked hate this barbarous act:
The heauens no hier choller can contract,
Then for th'invaſion of a ſacred King:
Who, as it were, out of the ſtarres extract,
Should feare and reuerence inferiours breede,
To whom from him both health and wealth doth ſpring.
But though on earth men ſhould neglect this wrong,
Heauens will thoſe traitors plague ere it be long.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scen. I.

HEPHESTION, ALEXANDER, POLISTRATVS.

He. WHat ſtory or what fable can recorde
Of ſuch a nombrous troupe ſo ſtrangely loſt?
I know they quak'd to know it was my Lord,
Whoſe name alone is worth anothers hoſt.
It ſcarce ſeemes credible in many partes:
But traitors feare though all the world would backe thē.
They were but bodies deſtitute of harts:
Moe priſoners they were then men to take them.
Who would beleeue ſo few durſt ſtriue to finde
So great an armie, and the armie ſhrinkes
What is impoſſible to a braue minde?

True valour dare attempt all that it thinkes
Alex. In this encounter for t'haue had the beſt
It would content more then a common thought:
But ſince we want the chiefe, what of the reſt?
I would be ſatisfi:d in all, or nought.
Thoſe traitours thought t'haue finiſh'd all the warre
With giuing me their Lord, whom they had bound:
But I diſtruſt not mine owne force ſo farre,
As for to builde vpon ſo baſe a ground.
Although indeede that *Darius* did me wrong,
I will not ſuffer others to oppreſſe him.
I keepe him for my ſelfe: he doth belong
To me alone: none other ſhould diſtreſſe him.
Whilſt he did onely in himſelfe confide,
I labour'd by all meanes to make him bow:
But ſince his hard eſtate abates that pride,
Turn'd is my fury to compaſſion now.
Although he oft contemn'd me by his letter,
Yet I am greeu'd to ſee him ſo deceiu'd.
If he had but acknowledg'd me his better,
'Twas not his blood, nor kingdome that I crau'd.
And if thoſe traitours haue not kild him ſtraight,
Yet his deliuerie ſhall my name renoune:
I would not looſe a ſubiect of ſuch waight,
By which my clemencie might be made knowne:
Po. Sir, now your comming cannot doe him good.
Al. What al are fled? none haue my force withſtood?
Po. Yet *Darius* cannot be redeem'd againe.
Al. Why, haue they ſet him free? or is he ſlaine?
Po. Now hath he got a liberty at laſt
With no leſſe ranſome then his deareſt breath.
Al. Then is all *Aſias* expectation paſt.
Tell on at length the maner of his death.
Po. The boyling ardour of th'aſcending Sunne

Had

Had caus'd in me a moyſture-parching drouth,
Which made me from the way a little runne,
To finde ſome fountaine to refreſh my mouth,
Their where a ſource her liquors ſoftly ſcatters,
Which ſhaddow'd was from *Titans* parching beames,
I coold my thirſt with the colde chriſtall waters,
Which ſeem'd to murmur that I forc'd their ſtreames.
When loe I ſawe (a lamentable ſight)
Two wounded horſes draw a bloody coache,
All clad with skinnes in moſt vncomely plight,
Which narrowlie t'eſpy I did approach.
One was within, who could not long eſcape
The doubtfull paſſage of th'infernall gates:
Yet maieſtie triumphing ou'r miſhap,
He ſeem'd to threaten Fortune; and the Fates,
And as not to ſo baſſe a fortune borne,
While as his blood aboundantly deval'd,
Burſt forth into theſe words in Fortunes ſcorne,
As one whoſe courage could not be appal'd.
You gaze to ſee, and haue good cauſe wherefore,
A man, no man; a King, no King; what monſter?
Now leſſe then nought, who once was both, and more:
Which few now by my preſent ſtate would conſter.
And yet amid'ſt my euils I muſt reioyce,
That this laſt comfort doth fore-goe my end:
I ſpeake to one that vnderſtands my voice,
And not in vaine my dying-ſpeaches ſpend.
I am, but how? in name, but not in pow'r,
That wretched *Darius* (which I ſhould ſuppreſſe)
Once happy, as you heard, but at this houre
The very patterne of extreame diſtreſſe;
Then a while pawſing after thus proceeded:
Tell *Alexander* theſe laſt wordes from me:
Although my hatred ſtill t'wards him exceeded,

Yet I am forc'd far in his debt to die.
I thanke him highlie for his great good-will,
My mother, wife, and children ſo preſeruing.
Pray him t'vſe them that reſt as gently ſtill.
For his owne goodneſſe ſake, not my deſeruing.
They to his foe pertaine, and yet he ſtriues
To haue them honour'd now, as in times paſt:
But thoſe who held of me both lands and liues,
Of land and life haue me depriu'd at laſt.
I pray you on my part entreat him thus
Not to permit that vnreueng'd belowe
My ghoſt do wander. By his care of vs
That men his Iuſtice, and their fault may knowe.
Beſide the honour, which he ſhall acquire
In plaguing them that haue betraide my truſt;
Men ſhall his magnanimitie admire,
And feare t'offend him whome they finde ſo iuſt.
Loe, all my pompe is paſt, my time expir'd:
My wealth evaniſhed like watrie bubbles.
Ou'r many a mightie people I impyr'd:
Yet hath my life beene but a ſtage of troubles.
And ſince my glaſſe is runne, my glory gone,
And I dead to the world, the world to me;
I wiſh that all parts of th'earths globe in one
May condeſcend his ſubiects for to be. (dead,
Then drouping downe, faint, bloodles, and halfe
He prai'd to giue him water that ſtood by.
(A ſmall requeſt by ſuch a Monarcke made)
Which when that he had gote: yet, ere I die,
This croſſe muſt come (ſaid he) t'vndoe me quite:
Though moſt parts of the world once homage ought
I haue not now the power for to requite (me;
This little benefit that thou haſt brought me.
But *Alexander* ſhall reward thee well;

And

And him the heauens, who hath not done amiſſe,
To thoſe that haue beene mine: his foe muſt tell
That vndeſerued courteſie of his.
Though none haue pow'r his pleaſure to controule;
If he entreate them well whom he retaines:
It will procure no ſmall reſt to my ſoule,
And make him famous, while the world remaines.
When my ſprit parts out of this tent of clay,
Entreat ſome with my buriall to take order;
Leaſt churliſh *Charon* force me for to ſtray
An vn-reſpected ghoſt on *Stygian* border.
Let firſt my corps be carried to my mother,
Who may it with my aunceſtors entombe:
And, as ſhe hath more cauſe then any other,
May waile this wofull burthen of her wombe.
In pledge of that affection, which I beare
Thy Soueraignes worth, whom now I muſt ſee neuer,
Haue heere a Princes hand, I hold him deare,
And recommend me to his grace for euer.
I ſcarce had got his hand, or toucht his veſture,
When like a torch whoſe waxe and weeke is ſpent,
Somewhat perplext, yet with a princely geſture,
He died in peace: his ſprit appear'd content.
Alex. Who could refraine frõ teares to heare declar'd
The deſolation of this wretched wight:
Haue ſubiects ſlaine their prince whõ ſtrangers ſpar'd?
Vs hath he fled, that periſh thus he might?
I for his fall am wonderfully ſorie,
Who *Neſtors* age was worthie t'haue attain'd:
I envie death, becauſe it rob'd the glorie,
Which I in giuing him his life had gain'd.
Hep. Since death hath put a periode to his woes,
The fauour that t'wards him you thought t'extend,
Conuert to ſutour now againſt his foes.

For your deſignes can haue no fairer end.
So ſhall you both attaine perpetuall praiſe,
And winne their harts who ſee their Lord reveng'd;
Then reape no little profite in your dayes,
To haue the countrie of ſuch vipers cleng'd.
If but one vertue ſhould adorne a King,
It ſhould be Iuſtice: many great defects
Are vaild thereby; whereas each vertuous thing
In one that is vniuſt, the world ſuſpects.
Alex. Although your counſell, or yet his requeſt
Had not the pow'r to penetrate my eares:
A generous ſtomack could not well diſgeſt
So great a wrong: my minde it hardly beares.
My ſpirit impatient of repoſe diſdaines
That they ſo long this infamie ſurviue.
But I will puniſh with moſt greevous paines
The horrid treaſon that they did contriue.
What? do they thinke, deceau'd with ſome illuſion,
That *Bactria* is a bulwarke for my ire?
Flie where they liſt, they cannot ſcape confuſion:
My wrath ſhall follow like conſuming fire.
Heauen cannot be a ſanctuarie for them:
I dare to force th'infernall caves adventer:
Th'earth cannot keepe them ſafe, if I abhorre them:
Ile ſearch them out though they were in the center.
And hauing gotten once thoſe malefactors,
Betwixt the bending boughes of two ſtrong trees,
Vnto th'eternall terrour of all traitours,
They ſhall diſmembred be before my eyes.
Pol. Sir, may it pleaſe your Grace to take ſome care,
That ſome his funerall offices performe.
Alex. Goe preſentlie and euery thing prepare
According to the militarie forme.

Exeunt.

Actus

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scen. 2.

SISIGAMBIS, NVNTIVS, CHORVS.

Sisi. THis looke, allace, hath fraught my ſoule with (feares.
Speake, for my life doth on thy lips depend:
Thy count'nance (ah) a dolefull coppie beares
Of ſome ſadde ſummons to denounce my end.
Starue not my eares which famiſh for thy words:
That ſwallow'd yet may make my hart to burſt.
Nun. Madame the meſſage that my ſoule affordes
Muſt once be known, and once knowne ſtill accurſt,
Sis. Be not a niggard of euil newes. *Nun.* And why?
Sis. Fame will tell all the world. *Nun.* But firſt to you.
Sis. Tel ſone. *Nun.* Your ſon is dead. *Sis.* Then let me die.
Cho. Her ioyes and pleaſures are all periſh'd now.
Sis. Why opens not the earth for to deuour
A curſed caitiue, that all ioy hath loſte?
The longer that I liue, my griefe growes more:
Borne I am to miſchiefe, kept to be croſt.
Would God this body in miſhappes abounding
Were couered with ſome mountaine of huge waight;
Or elſe that th'Ocean ou'r theſe fieldes inunding
Might make my buriall in her boſome ſtraight.
O *Alexander*, haſt thou robd his life,
Yet entertain'd me ſtill in hope to finde him?

Why didſt thou not firſt kill this poore old wife,
Who was not worthie to haue liu'd behind him?
Ah, tended all thy courteſie to this,
That I ſhould liue till thou haſt ſlaine my ſonne?
Nun. You wrong that worthie Prince: for he and his
Came him to helpe, who was ere then vndone.
Sis. What impious hands durſt one that wore a crown,
And was thereof moſt worthie, murther ſo?
Nun. Two whō himſelf rais'd vp haue caſt him down:
More faithfull then his owne he found his foe.
Sis. Tell on thy meſſage, meſſage of my death,
And load my minde with all miſchiefe and horrour:
That in ſad ſighes I may diſſolue my breath,
Whilſt thou relat'ſt theſe tydings full of terrour.
Nun. When *Alexander* eftſoones back had ſent
Th'Ambaſſadours that peace had ſought in vaine,
A generall muſter, then to try th'euent
Of doubtfull *Mars*, King *Darius* did ordaine,
And in one battell to aduenture all
Intending, caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
While two vile traitours did conſpire his fall,
Who *Beſſus*, and *Narbazanes* were nam'd.
Theſe two in counſell did diſcouer firſt
Some portion of the poiſon of their hart:
Which caus'd the King ſuſpect, but not the worſt.
Yet with a ſword he ſought to make them ſmart.
But hauing ſcap'd the firſt brunt of his rage,
With teares of Crocodiles they ſo lamented,
As they his indignation did aſſwage,
Whil'ſt in appearance onlie they repented.
They came to *Artabazus*, honeſt man,
Who iudg'd of others by his vpright minde,
And could not, or through bountie would not ſcan
What they with craft and malice had deſing'd.

Chor.

Chor. A ſinceare minde is euer leaſt ſuſpitious:
They think all faulty who themſelues are vitious.
Nun. They vrg'd him with the King to interceede.
That in his fauour he would giue them place;
With promiſe that by ſome notorious deede
Of armes they would ſeeke to deſerue his grace.
He in their fauour firſt enform'd the King,
The battell would beare witneſſe of their truth;
Then both before his maieſty did bring,
Who was by their ſubmiſſion moou'd to ruth.
Their hands ſtreatchd vp to heau'n, & hũbled knees,
Their teares like thoſe the Crocodiles doe ſhed,
Woe in their face, and pitty in their eyes
Did for compaſſion and for mercie plead.
The king of nature milde, prompt to receiue them,
While they diſſembledly were thus complaning,
Not onelie of his lenitie forgaue them,
But wept in earneſt too while they were faining.
Then as he vſ'd, his danger now not feeling,
He mounted to his Coach: they came behinde
With a ſubmiſſiue voyce moſt humbly kneeling
To him, whom ſhortly they were bent to binde.
The *Græcian* Captaine follow'd them with ſpeede,
Who being cal'd, and ask'd what he deſir'd,
Sollicited the King to take good heede
Of thoſe that had againſt his life conſpir'd.
He tolde him how he had their treaſon tri'de,
And ſeene the *Bactrians* to a tumult bent;
Then prai'd him for his ſafety to prouide,
In going with him to his truſty tent.
The King grow'n careleſſe, and his ſafety ſhunning
Refus'd this offer on affection grounded.
Or with ſome pow'rfull fate his fall fore-running,
Was carried headlong thus to be confounded.

The *Greeke* past thence dispairing of his safety,
Who thus recureleſſe helpe and health refus'd:
Then *Beſſus* did begin with ſpeeches crafty
To purge himſelfe, and errours past excus'd.
The King then *Artabazus* did command
T'approch, and *Patrons* ſpeech at length reported:
He then did doubt what danger was at hand,
And to go with the Greeke his Grace exhorted.
But when he found this reſolution plac'd,
Within his breſt, no peril for to flie:
With mutuall teares each other they embrac'd,
Parting like two, that liuing went to die.
Now ſilent night in pitchie vapours cled
Had muſtred miſts, and march'd vnto the weſt:
A ſhadowie horrour ou'r the earth was ſpread,
The Sentinelles were ſet, and all at reſt.
When a ſtrange terrour troubled all the hoſte:
The multitudes did murmure in all parts:
They did reſemble ſhips in ſtormes neere loſt,
Whilſt each to th'other cauſe of feare imparts.
Thoſe who their King appointed were to guarde
All ſhrunke away to corners none ſtai'd there:
And hauing to his danger no regarde
His better-fortunes Minions fled elſe where.
The deſolation then was wonderous great:
With a few Eunuches *Darius* left alone
Did enter deepely to reuolue his ſtate;
And thus be-ſpake them, who did for him mone.
Depart in peace and for your ſelues prouide,
Leaſt ye be likewiſe with my ruine caught:
I will the iſſue of my fate abide:
They hearing this, as of their witts diſtraught
Went howling through the hoſt with dolorous cries:
This made the King as dead to be bewail'd.

And

And in the armie did a rumour riſe,
That he had kild himſelfe, when all hope fail'd.
The *Perſians* greeu'd, while theſe things did occurre,
Did firſt encourage all their countrie bands
To helpe their Prince: but yet they durſt not ſturre
For feare of falling in the *Bactrians* hands.
Ev'n in the time when this confuſion was
The traitours, to deferre the fact no more,
Did to their ſoueraignes owne Pavilion paſſe,
And tooke, and bound him, whome they ſeru'd before.
He, who in golden coach ſuperbelie rode,
Was caſt in one for baſſeſt carriage vſ'd:
And who of late was honoured like a God,
By ſeruants as a bond-ſlaue was abuſ'd.
Thoſe royall hands to beare a ſcepter borne
Were boũd with chains: this alſo much did grieue him
That fortune his aduerſitie would ſcorne
With golden bands, that ſeru'd not to releeue him.
Then *Alexander*, hauing heard in end
That *Darius* came not forward to affront him,
To finde him out did all his forces bend,
Not doubting but he eſtſoones would ſurmount him.
But being at the laſt at length inform'd
How he was made a Captiue to his owne,
At this indignitie he highlie ſtorm'd,
And ſwore he would avenge it by his crowne.
Out of his hoſte he did ſelect a fewe,
Who were beſt horſ'd, whoſe equipage was light:
With whom his foes he did ſo faſt purſue,
That, ere they could ſuſpect, he came in ſight.
The traitours troubled with this he had done
Came to the Cart wherein the King was carried,
And bad him mount on horſe-back, and flee ſoone,
Leaſt that his foe ſhould take him if he tarried.

He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud: this day
Th'eternall Iusticer sees through the starres:
I will not with such periur'd rebelles stay,
And flie from him, who moou's but honest warres.
Then those in whom impietie aboundes,
Throw'd darts at him who they should haue defended
And hurte the horses with an hundreth woundes:
While they perform'd the Parricide intended.
Their hands were feeble, as their harts vntrue:
For when their foes began them once to comber,
The traitours first, then all the traiterous crue
Fled them, who were inferiour farre in number.
But to the confines of deathes kingdome brought
The King retir'd out from the way aside,
More wounded with ingratitude then ought,
Did flie the world whose follies he had tri'de.
Scarce was the lasting last diuorcement made
Twixt soule and body whilst that th'eyes grew dim
When *Alexander* came, and found him dead,
Who long had labour'd for t'haue ruin'd him.
Yet with the vesture which himselfe then wore
He couered the dead corps, and not eschew'd it;
But eu'n with teares his coffin did decore,
To the great wonder of all them that view'd it.
And hauing waild his death aboue all measure,
For t'haue his funerals made in Princely wise
He bids you spare no coste, but vse his treasure,
And them, as best becommes, to solemnise.
He hath his body hither sent by me,
That the last honours you to him may do:
He thinkes they so shall best accomplish'd be,
And who him bare shall see him buried to.
Cho. Behold how griefe hath her of sense bereft,
And choak'd her breath with super-abounding grones,

No

No will or power to liue is to her left,
Since all her weale evaniſh'd is at ones.
Sif. Ah ſhall I ſee (no let me firſt be blinde)
That body breath-leſſe, which I brought to light?
Where would my ſoule a force ſufficient finde
T'endure the dolour of that deadly ſight.
O flintie hardned hart, that wilt not breake
With the remembrance of ſo many woes,
Why part'ſt thou not, faint ſprit, that whil'ſt I ſpeake,
In opening of my lips mine eyes might cloſe?
This heritage of death, this withered ſtock
Is but a receptacle of diſpaires:
A torture to it ſelfe, a ſtumbling block,
Whoſe aged furrowes fertile are in cares.
What helpes it now to haue bene made the mother
Of one who to ſuch dignitie did clim?
More miſerable now then any other,
I liue to waile my death, who di'd in him.
Aye me, malitious Fates haue done me wrong:
Who came firſt to the world ſhould firſt depart.
It not becommes the olde t'ou'r-liue the yong:
This dealing is præpoſterous and ou'r-thwart.
Ah, why ſhould death ſo indiſcreet be found
To ſaue a caitiue, and confound a Prince:
My halfe-dead body, weigh'd downe to the ground,
Through griefe is grow'n ripe for the graue long ſince.

CHORVS.

WHat makes vaine worldlings ſo to ſwell with pride,
Who came of earth, and to the earth returne?

So helliſh furies with their fire-brands burne
Proude and ambitious men, as they deuide
Them from themſelues, and ſo turmoile their mindes,
That all their time they ſtudie ſtill
How to content a bound-leſſe will,
Which neuer yet a full contentment findes.
Who ſo this flame within his boſome ſmothers
Doth many fantaſies contriue,
And eũen forgets himſelfe a-liue,
To be remembred after death by others.
Thus while he is his paines are neuer ended;
That while he is not, he may be commended.

What can this helpe the happineſſe of Kings,
So to ſubdue their neighbours, as they doe,
And make ſtrange nations tributaries to?
The greater ſtate the greater trouble brings.
Their pompes and triumphes, ſtands them in no ſtead:
Their Arches, Tombes, Piramides hie,
And Statues are but vanitie:
They die, and yet would liue in what is dead:
And while they liue, we ſee their glorious actions
Oft wreſted to the worſt: and all their life
Is but a ſtage of endleſſe toile and ſtriſe,
Of tumults, vprores, mutinies, and factions.
They riſe with feare, and lie with danger downe:
There is no burthen weightier then a Crowne.

And as Ambition Princes vndermines;
So doth it thoſe that vnder them rule all.
We ſee in how ſhort time they riſe, and fall;
How oft their light eclips'd but dimlie ſhines.
They ſtudie by all ſhifts and ſlights to moue
Their Prince of their deſerts t'account:

And when they by his fauour mount,
O what a danger is't to be aboue?
For straight expos'd to hatred, and despight,
With all their skill they cannot march so euen,
But some opprobrious scandall will be giuen:
For all men enuy those that haue most might.
And if the King dislike them once, then straight
The wretched Courtiers fal with their own waight.

Some of a poorer Spirite, who would be prais'd,
And yet haue not wherefore to be esteem'd,
What they are not indeede would faine be deemd,
And indirectly labour to be rais'd.
This crue each publike place of honour haunts,
And changing garments euery day
While they woulde hyde, doe but bewray
With outward ornaments their inward wants.
And men of better iudgement iustly loth
Those, who in outwarde showes place all their care,
And deck their bodies, while their mindes are bare,
Like to a shaddow, or a painted cloth.
The multitude, who but th'apparrell notes,
Doth homage not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet Princes must be seru'd, and with all sorts,
Some both to doe, and counsell what is best:
Some serue for Ciphers to set out the rest,
Like liue-lesse pictures, that adorne the ports.
Faire pallaces replenish'd are with feares:
Those seeming pleasures are but snares:
The Royall Robe doth couer cares,
Th'Assyrian dye deere buyth he, that it beares.
Those dainty delicates, and far fetch'd foode
Oft through suspition sauour out of season:

Embrodered beds and tapesteries hatche treason:
The golden goblets mingled are with blood.
Such glorious gorgeous shewes do serue for nought:
All cannot calme the tempest of the thought.

O happy he, who far from fame at home
Doth sit securely by a quiet fire,
Who hath not much, and doth not much desire,
Nor curious is to learne who goe, or come,
For satisfied with what his father left
His minde he measures by his store,
And is not pyn'd to gape for more,
Nor eates ought that iniquity hath reft:
He hath his little cleanly, and in peace,
And lookes not with suspitious eye.
No poyson comes in Cups of tree:
No treason harbours in so poore a place.
No troublous dreame doth interrupt his sleepe:
A quiet conscience doth his cottage keepe.

He doth not study oft what stormes may blow:
His powerty cannot be much impair'd:
He feares no forraine force, and craues no guarde:
None coueteth his spoile, none lookes so low:
Where as the great are commonly once croste,
As Darius *hath beene in his flowre,*
Or Sisigambis *at this houre,*
Who hath scap'd long, and now at length is lost.
But how commes this that Potentates oft fall,
Forc'd to confesse th'afflictions of their soule?
There is some hier pow'r that can controule
The Monarches of the earth, and censure all,
Who once will call their doings to accompt,
Their pride repressing, who t'oppresse were prompt.

Finis. *W. A.*